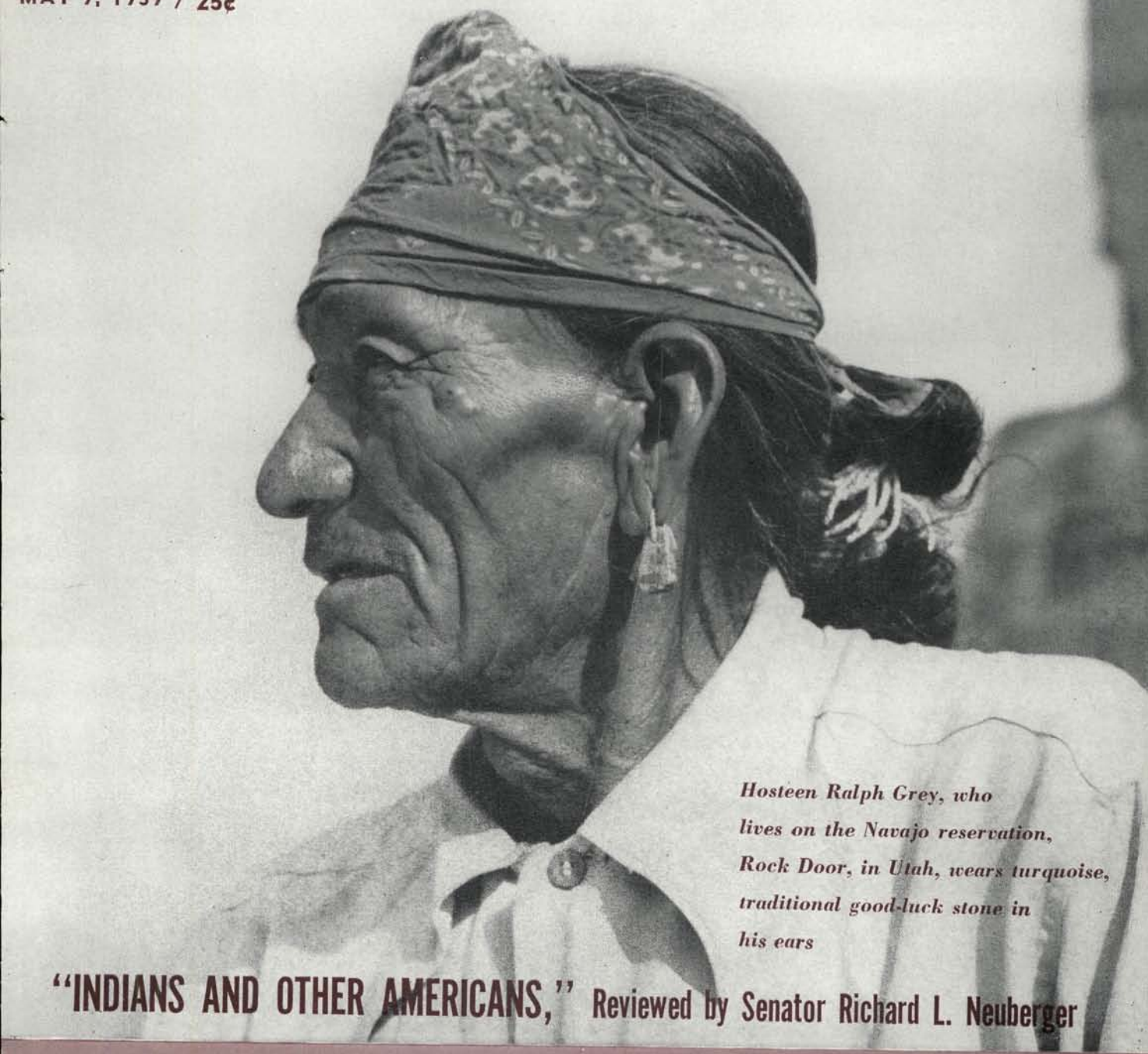
# Saturday Review

MAY 9, 1959 / 25¢



*Hosteen Ralph Grey, who lives on the Navajo reservation, Rock Door, in Utah, wears turquoise, traditional good-luck stone in his ears*

**"INDIANS AND OTHER AMERICANS,"** Reviewed by Senator Richard L. Neuberger

## THE BIG TREND IN LITTLE MAGAZINES

By Rust Hills

## NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDRI

SR's Spring Survey

SR331653 160-26:GXL*260
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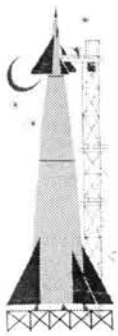

**SOUNDS ALL AROUND**
By Tillie S. Pine and Joseph Levine. Pictures in two colors by *Bernice Myers*. What makes such sounds as water gurgling, engines roaring, birds singing? Why are some deep and others high? The authors of *The Pilgrims Knew* and *Magnets and How to Use Them* explain all this in a delightful introduction to the wonderful world of sound. With easy-to-do experiments. Ages 7-11. $2.50

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By Elisabeth Ogilvie, author of *Blueberry Summer* and *The Fabulous Year*. To marry or not to marry is the question which faces Ellen in this new novel. $3.00

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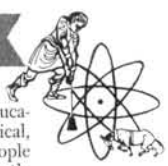
By C. P. and O. B. Jackson. Illustrated by *Robert Henneberger*. A fine, fast-moving, action-packed basketball story by the popular Jacksons. It tells of a freshman star who learns the hard way the importance of team play. $2.95

## Non-fiction for teen-agers



**PUSH AND PULL: The Story of Energy**
By Paul E. Blackwood, Science Specialist, U.S. Office of Education. Illustrated by *William D. Hayes*. Solar, mechanical, electrical, radiant and chemical energy are explained in terms young people can readily comprehend. "The author approaches the apparently unrelated aspects not as fragments, but as parts of a circular and coherent whole." – virginia kirkus. Simple experiments. $3.00

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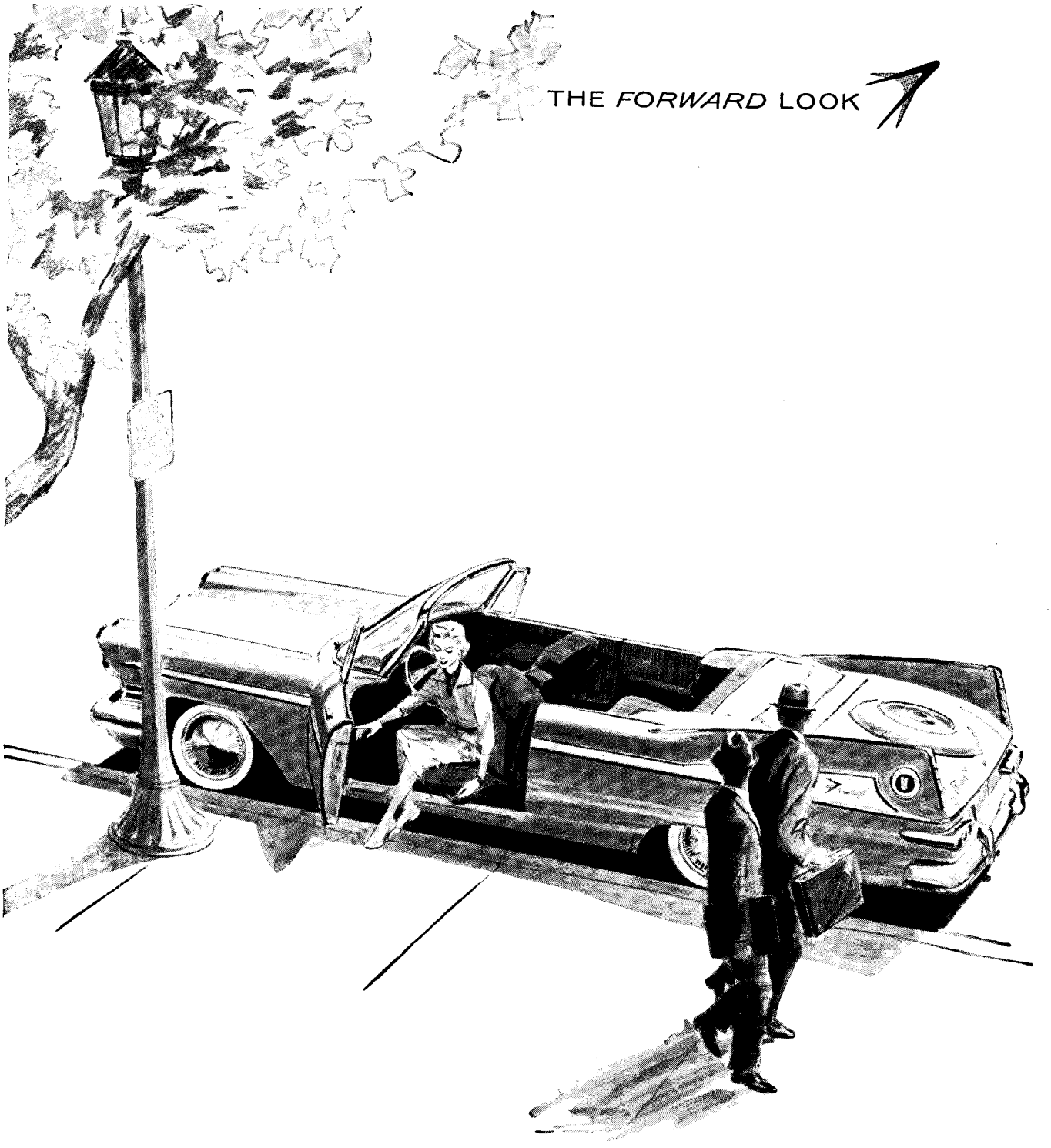


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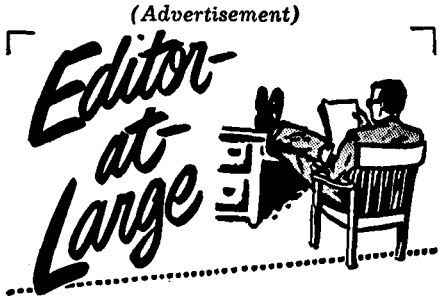


Victor Gollancz is not only one of England's best publishers, he is one of its most individualistic. Perhaps in books, as elsewhere, these things go hand in hand.

He is the sort of angry young man (his chronological age is over 60) who occasionally sits down to write a book when he feels the need. And in the matter of the Bomb, there can be little question about either his feelings or the need.

"The Devil's Repertoire or Nuclear Bombing and the Life of Man" is Gollancz' new work. It is really a tract; an eloquent, sobering, striking book by an idealist.

The book contains a short anthology of spirituality. Gollancz draws examples from literature and from music to demonstrate that each of us, sooner or later, discovers in a certain moment that we are one with the universe. The spiritual, he argues, *is* the practical. There is also the journal of a housewife on Hiroshima that records the ebbing life of her husband, dying, thirteen years after the first explosion of our feeble, primitive weapon.

Finally, the book deals with the Devil's Repertoire—the standard arguments used by all "realists" to defend nuclear testing, stockpiling, and planning. (Example: "You can't apply Christianity to Politics!")

You may disagree with Gollancz. But he is difficult to ignore. When he writes quietly that we should not barter away the lives and health of the still unborn, you suspect he would rather be crying.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Devil's Repertoire or Nuclear Bombing and the Life of Man" ($2.50), by Victor Gollancz, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.


# *Saturday Review*

MAY 9, 1959

Cover Photograph: Wunder-Monkmeyer



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*He Went with*

# Champlain

by Louise Andrews Kent, illustrated by Anthony D'Adamo $3.50 A vivid biography of Samuel de Champlain, with quotations from his journals and descriptions of the Indians and their customs. The sixth in the famous "He went with . . . " series is timely because of the Champlain 350th Anniversary Festival this year.

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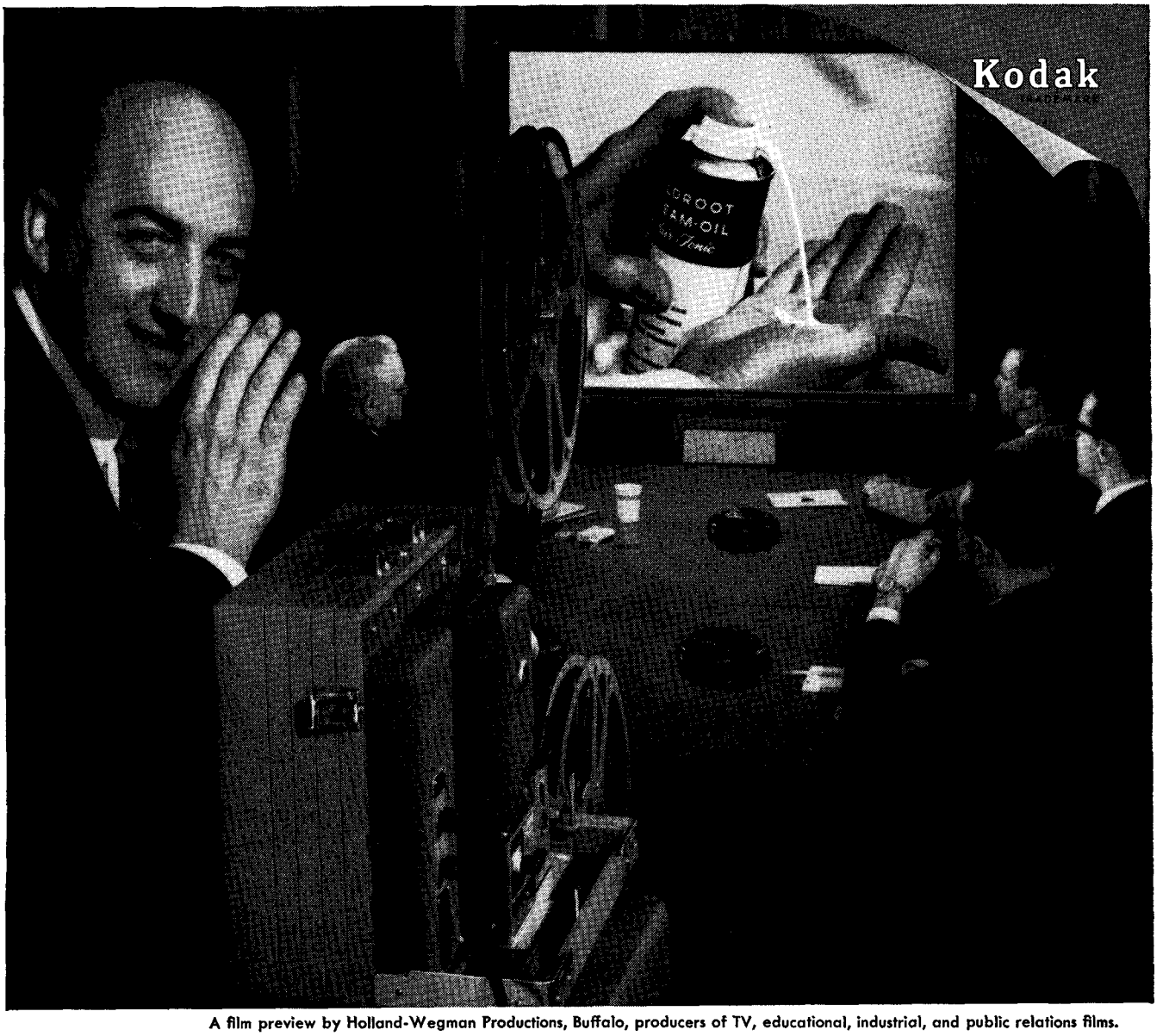


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*says movie producer Sheldon Holland:*

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# TRADE Winds

**FROM LAS VEGAS,** Nevada, comes a letter from Ben Lucien Burman, with thirty-six cents in three pasted on the envelope. This air mail-special delivery missive was rocketed out of the West on March 29, and I would have gladly reported sooner on the vital contents, but I'm no better than the next guy: I can't decipher Ben Burman's handwriting, either. By reading between what I shall charitably call the lines, I eventually discovered this:

Burman's satirical novel, "The Street of the Laughing Camel," will be the big fiction leader for McGraw-Hill in the autumn. The author is traveling in Texas, where Yance Cullum, the book's ex-cowboy hero, came from. But the purpose of the special-air-mail letter was to tell about a trip to Oaxaca, Mexico, where there is a bewitched bell. This bell hung in a cathedral in Spain hundreds of years ago. One night it mysteriously started ringing all by itself, and it was brought before the Inquisition, where it was decided that the bell had succumbed to some heretical sorcery of the time, and must be punished.

The punishment was to banish the bell from Spain, and as a further and more terrible penalty, to have its tongue removed so that it could never sound again of its own accord. The sentence was carried out and the clapper-less bell was sent to Oaxaca where it still hangs in the cathedral there. A figure holding a hammer strikes the bell every quarter hour.

"With each strike the bell sounds as if it were in terrible pain," Ben writes. "But I suffered as much as the bell. It kept me awake all night."

**DOWN IN THAT** part of the country is where they tell the story about the New Yorker who moved to Texas and tried desperately to keep up with the rich Texan who lived next door to him. The Texan couldn't shake him. When the Texan bought his wife a mink coat, the New Yorker followed suit. When the other fellow moved to a swankier part of town and into a more palatial home, the New Yorker did likewise. The Texan bought a Cadillac, and so did the New Yorker.

Finally the exasperated Southerner decided to top the fellow from the East once and for all. He ordered a telephone for his car, and went through the expense and red tape of having it installed.

A few days later, as his chauffeur

was speeding him into town, the Texan saw his friend's chauffeur-driven Caddy wheel up close alongside, and to his chagrin the New Yorker held *his* car phone up for the Texan to see, and at once placed a call to his automobile. As the Texan picked up the instrument, he had to think fast, to try to save some face.

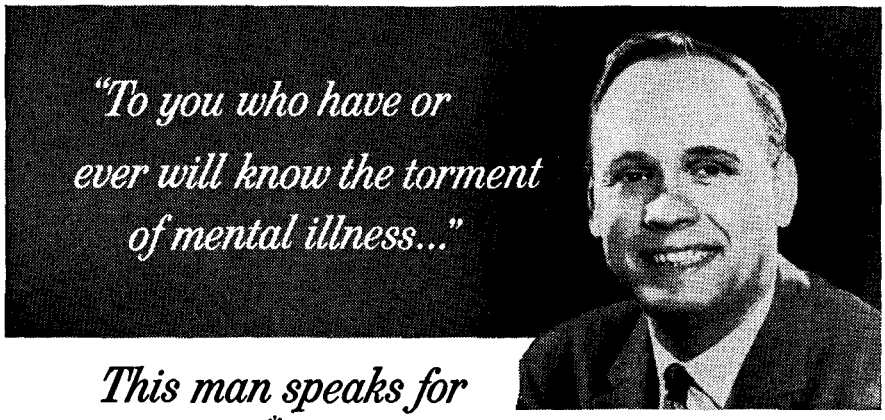
"Hold on a minute, will you," he said, "My other phone is ringing."

**HOW MANY WESTERNS** are there on television? Thirty-seven? Whatever it is, the big problem is finding villains. That means there have to be thirty-seven bad guys each week, which wouldn't be too difficult if there weren't thirty-seven more to find for next week, and then thirty-seven more, and so on. The rule of thumb is that a show has to wait at least a year before a bad guy, who was killed by the hero, appears again on the show. Or, he can reappear in six months with or without a moustache, depending on whether he was barefaced or not in the previous episode.

An even worse nightmare is when the same heavy appears twice in one night. That is, you might see a villain get his just desserts once, and an hour later there he is standing at a bar on another network, again looking alive and villainous. It almost happened once when John Payne disposed of a mean fellow on "Restless Gun," and the same guy was scheduled to be shot to death a few minutes later on "Wells Fargo." That was caught in time, and "Wells Fargo" switched episodes.

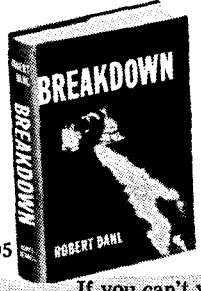
Nat Holt, who produces "Wells Fargo," says that lately there has been an influx of New York actors into Hollywood, where the Westerns are made. These can be cast in the roles of villains, alleviating the scarcity in that category, as soon as they learn to ride. This is important, because sometimes before the hero can shoot him, a bad guy from New York will fall off his horse and hurt himself.

**WHEN EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER** writes, some people get mad at him. In 1922


*This man speaks for 17,000,000* Americans!* **(1 in every 10 persons)**

"A human, fascinating, surprisingly cheerful, account of the author's stay in two mental hospitals... After reading—somehow the mental hospital does not seem the place of terror it did before." —*New York Post.* "A deeply interesting book."—*Cleveland Press*




**BREAKDOWN**

**By Robert Dahl**

*"About one in every ten persons (17,000,000) has some form of mental or emotional disorder requiring treatment."—National Association for Mental Health

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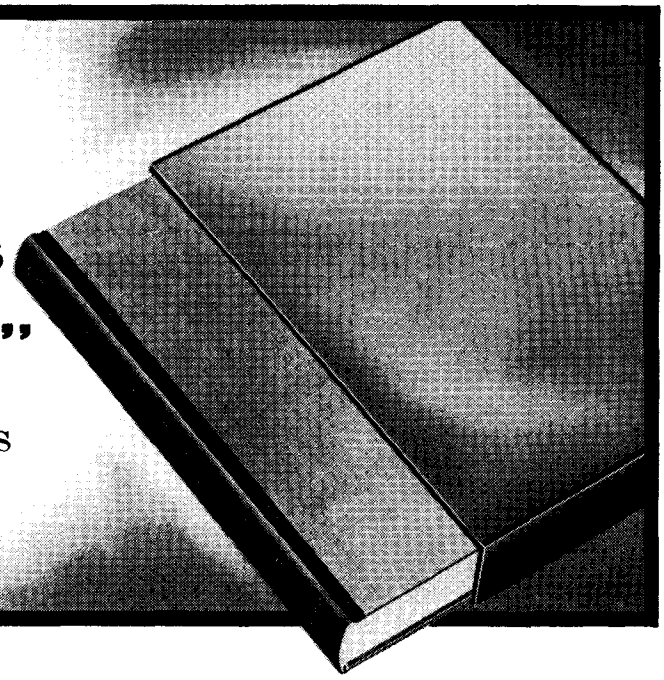
# "If people only knew this One secret..."

**A STRANGE REVELATION OF WHAT LIES BEYOND DEATH THAT TRANSFORMS THE VERY MEANING OF LIFE**



The author of this curious volume was not a trained writer, but a remarkable woman whose singular gift enabled her to see into the next world — and to discover a secret so startling that she felt moved to share her knowledge with as many people as possible before it was too late!

*What is there about this book that has made it the most widely read personal account of "life after death" ever written?*

The name of the book is "THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS — HERE AND BEYOND." Although it has been printed in thirty-three separate editions in England and on the Continent, it has never been published in this country until now. The experiences which so thrilled and gladdened its author, Joy Snell, provided her with the answers to questions we have all dreamt about —

**What manner of life is to be found in the next world?**

**Are there "angels" who guide our daily actions on earth?**

**Can we communicate with those who have already departed this life?**

**Is death only a transition to real living?**

Even those who have approached this book with outright skepticism have been overwhelmed by its strange power to resolve doubts and confusion — by the profound conviction of Joy Snell's heartening words. She tells of her reunion with dear ones, of the solicitude of "spirits" to the cares of man on earth, of the incredible beauties to be seen in the "other" world.

**"If people on earth could obtain just one glimpse of this!"**

If you are sensitive to beauty and truth expressed with the purest innocence and simplicity — if you have never been satisfied with vague answers to the eternal questions of life and death — then you will want to read this extraordinary book. You will want to discover for yourself what there is about this "journey into the world beyond" that has already brought hope and encouragement to thousands of people here on earth.

"THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS — HERE AND BEYOND" is a book that will cheer you now and bring solace to your family later. The Publishers feel that such a work, destined to be handed on from generation to generation, is deserving of all the skills and traditions of book craftmanship at its finest.

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# Defense Weapon

The telephone is a defense weapon —and an important one.

A manufacturer of rockets, for example, needs data or delivery on a specific part. He picks up his telephone, makes several Long Distance calls, and his problem is solved.

An unidentified aircraft is detected in flight by a radar installation. The information is relayed automatically and instantly over telephone cables to a defense center.

It is then flashed over the network of special Bell System telephone lines which link the country's entire system of continental defense.

The role of the Bell System does not stop there or with the thousands upon thousands of calls that are a part of the manufacture of countless items of defense.

Its Bell Telephone Laboratories are engaged in many important research and development projects for the government. These include the Nike Zeus anti-missile missile system and the guidance system for the Titan intercontinental ballistic missile.

Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, is producing the guidance and control equipment which is the heart and brains of the mighty Nike Ajax and Nike Hercules missile systems.

The Sandia Corporation, a subsidiary of Western Electric, continues to manage the Atomic Energy Commission's Sandia Laboratory which develops, designs and tests atomic weapons.

Among many other Western Electric defense projects were the 3000-mile Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line in the Arctic and the "White Alice" communication system linking population centers and military installations in Alaska. Both were completed on schedule and turned over to the Air Force.

Another project for the Air Force was the design, production and supervision of installation of a communications system for a guided missile test range extending out to sea.

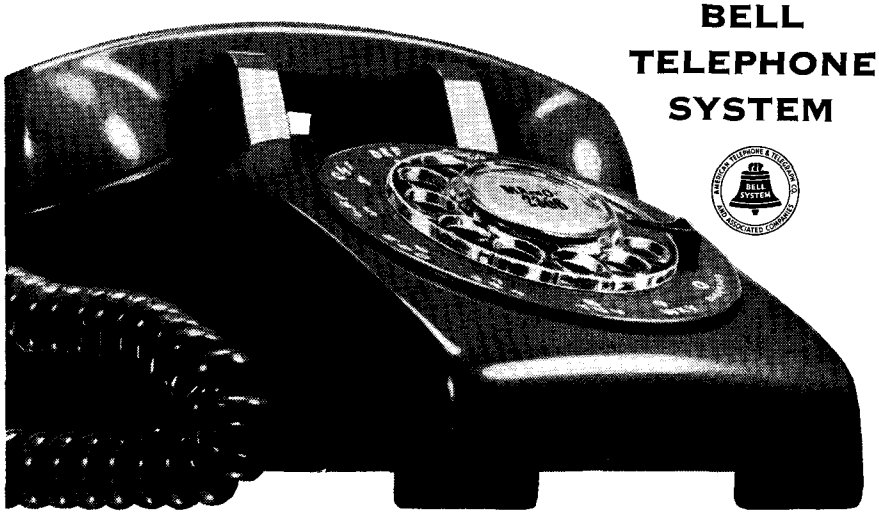
The backbone of this system is the special underseas cable that stretches 1370 nautical miles from Cape Canaveral in Florida to Puerto Rico. It provides an instant, secret, weatherproof means of transmitting data on missiles in flight.

Radar installations along the way spot the missile's flight position which is flashed continuously to the testing base by cable. So are signals from the missile itself.

Recently the U. S. Air Force asked us to add the communications phases of a ballistic missile early warning system to the other military projects handled by the Bell System.

The Bell System is primarily engaged in providing telephone service. But it gives top priority and its utmost effort to the needs of Government whenever it is called upon for work for which it is specially fitted by size and experience.

Particularly when it comes to protecting the country, it's good to use the best scientific knowledge available in the communications field.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM


he published "Immortal Italy," after he had made the march to Rome on the same train along with his friend, Benito Mussolini, and his *fascisti*. Because of what he wrote, Il Duce wouldn't give Mowrer the time of day after that.

Something the author said in his best-selling "Germany Puts the Clock Back" ten years later aroused the resentment of the late Adolf Hitler, who expelled Mowrer from Germany. In 1948 his book, "The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy," meant that a lot of doors in Washington were slammed in his face, for he criticized a number of policy-makers there.

By this time, Mowrer was getting so

hot that he could create the same effect with a short article, instead of a book. His piece called "Where Are They Now, the Old Familiar Faces?" made Stalin very nervous, because the old familiar faces were Stalin's comrades whom he had murdered. So Mowrer couldn't go back to Russia.

And now he has just had a new book published entitled "A Good Time to Be Alive" (it's reviewed on page 16). Anyone who is insulted by this one, please add your name to the list. Mowrer, of course, is terribly optimistic. "Time mellows," he told me, "and this may put me back in the good graces of a lot of places from which I have been banished."

**SEVERAL BOOKS HAVE** been written about Tibet and are still in print. But not many. The greatest of them is, without doubt, "Seven Years in Tibet" by Heinrich Harrer, published in 1953 by Dutton. It's a safe statement to make, for it is one of the best adventure books ever written, surely ranking along with "Brazilian Adventure" and "Kon-Tiki." Harrer is an Austrian (he wrote the book in German) who was interned in India when the war broke out. (As a matter of fact, he was arrested *before* Britain and Germany had declared war against each other.) In 1943, on his third try, he escaped successfully, making a journey over the Himalayas into Tibet, a trip no one had done before under similar conditions. He arrived in Lhasa penniless and in rags.

By 1950, when the Chinese Reds forced him out of the country, Harrer had become the respected tutor and friend of the Dalai Lama. And there's the irony of the matter—this symbol of tremendous religious significance in Asia, under the tutelage of an es-

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caped prisoner of war who would have been put behind barbed wire by the British if they could have caught him. The Living Buddha also represents something to Westerners: the last Oriental, the leader of a nation where the people merely want to live in peace and freedom, but will not be allowed to do so by the outside world, the last Shangri-la that hasn't been spoiled on this earth. Whatever happens, thank the humane intelligence of Heinrich Harrer for the fact that we can respect the Dalai Lama and what he stands for.

Harrer came out of Tibet with a lot of photographs and motion-picture film. His pictures of the Dalai Lama in his own country are exclusive, of course, for no one else was given the same freedom. A lot of the footage was taken *by* the Tibetan leader himself, for Harrer made a camera bug out of him, too. Harrer is in India, and was one of the first to greet his old friend as he came down out of the mountains to escape the Chinese. The film, as of this writing, is inaccessible.

**IDDZIES AND ODDZIES:** Photographer Art Shay was in Minneapolis a few weeks ago where he was to shoot the top brass at Minneapolis-Honeywell for *Fortune* magazine. When he arrived at the hotel to check in he found two well-dressed men ahead of him registering. By eavesdropping Shay learned that they were from *McCall's* magazine. The hotel clerk said, "We have a fine suite for you together, or two small singles." The togetherness-oriented *McCall's* men spoke in unison, "The singles."

► It was just ninety-nine years ago this morning that Robert E. Lee said to the proprietor of the general store in Alexandria, Virginia, "I am one of those dull creatures that cannot see the good of secession."

► Scanning a book about the Lapps in Finland, it occurred to Mary S. Fellows in Hanover, N. H., that actually when you come to the last Lapp you must be almost at the Finnish line.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1310)

James R. Newman:
*WHAT IS SCIENCE*
(Chapter "Anthropology," by Kluckhohn)

Human beings need sometimes to be reminded just how much they owe to others of far-off times and places. I am writing (Near East invention) on paper (Chinese invention) in an alphabet which began in the Mt. Sinai peninsula about twelve hundred B. C.


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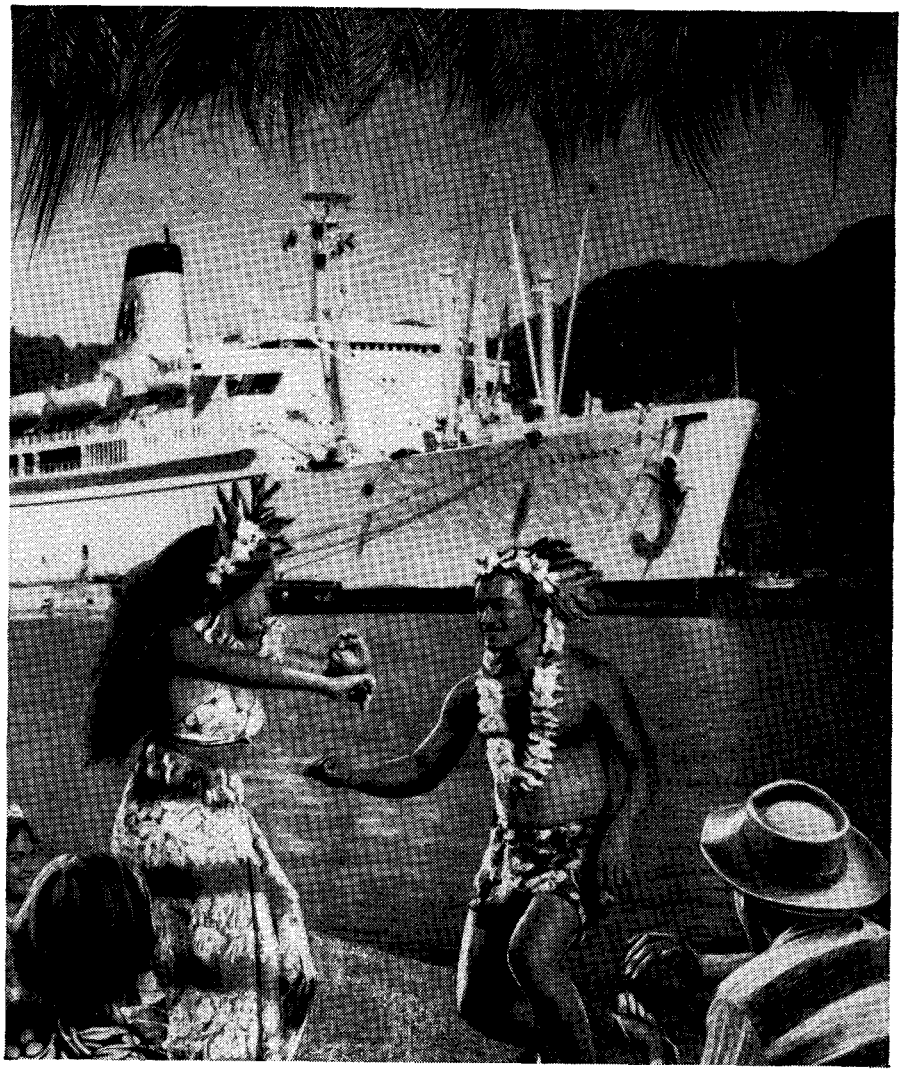

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*Saturday Review*
MAY 9, 1959

# THE BIG TREND IN LITTLE MAGAZINES

*There used to be a tradition in this country that the reader of a little magazine could comfort himself with the fact that he was reading an intimate product superior to the rest of the big, slick commercial magazines. In the following article, Rust Hills, a little magazine man himself who went to the big leagues, laments that the former exclusiveness of the little magazines doesn't exist any more. Mr. Hills founded* Quixote *in 1952, and spent four years editing it. Since 1956, he has been the fiction editor of* Esquire *magazine.*

By RUST HILLS

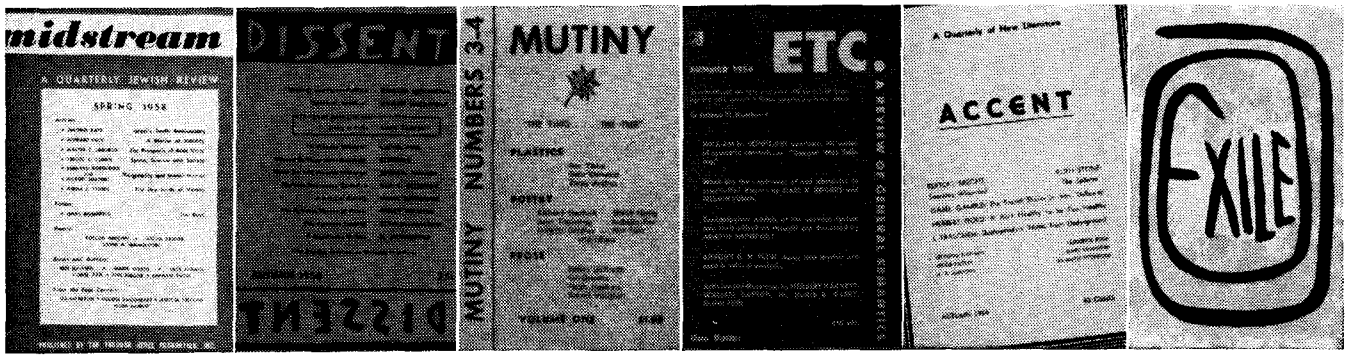
ALONG with just about everything else in America, little magazines, traditionally the stronghold of individuality, have become institutionalized. In the past, four or five disgruntled writers would get together, pool funds, put out a first issue with long editorials declaring complete independence and ringing manifestoes proclaiming a new literary revolution. A few issues later, for a variety of totally foreseeable reasons, the magazines would announce that this issue was "valedictory" and that they were being "forced" to "suspend" publication. However, there was never any dearth of little magazines: as one got pushed down in Paris, another would pop up in Cambridge or San Francisco. They were short-lived, but there were hundreds of them.

Now, when a new little magazine comes along, it has a pretty good chance of lasting. The main reason is that many of them are sponsored by some kind of permanent organization; some are sponsored by colleges and universities; some by foundations; and some of the best by publishers of quality paperback books. Then, there are the unsponsored little magazines whose intention to survive can be seen in the way they are edited and promoted to attract readers rather than to shock them (as the older breed were). And the final proof of how institutionalization has set in is seen by the outmodedness of the very few little magazines that are still individualistic.

Little magazines were really little magazines in the 1920s and 1930s: personal expressions of dissatisfaction and revolt. They were small individualistic voices raised *against* the institutions of the time. They served two purposes: first, they announced the experimentalism and proletarianism of the new literature; and second, they brought forward the new talents who were creating that new literature —the Pounds, Hemingways, Joyces.

They lived only long enough to bring the talent of the new young writers to the attention of other editors who could provide a larger audience and some real money. Thus, little magazines carried the seeds of their own destruction; the good writers they started with automatically went on to the big magazine and the big book business. Charles Allen, in a *Sewanee Review* article, showed that of a hundred American writers important since 1914, eighty-five first published in little magazines. But no one has ever thought it strange that little magazines have never really shared in the success of their contributors, or gained any permanence because of them. For instance, a New Orleans little magazine of the 1920s,

Little magazines—"small individualistic voices raised *against* the institutions."

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called *The Double Dealer*, was the first to publish Faulkner and Hemingway and others; it ran monthly from January 1921 until May 1926, then folded, little noticed then or since. It had served its purpose.

And for this very reason book publishers watch the little magazines. Contrary to the sour conviction of the unpublished author, they are constantly searching for novels to publish. When I was editing a little magazine that no one ever heard of, named *Quixote* (legitimate circulation never really was above 500), we used to think it was a flat issue indeed if we didn't get two or three letters addressed to our contributors from publishers saying that they'd admired such-and-such a story and would be very pleased to see any novel completed or in progress.

The little magazine editor who believed (as he must have believed; why else start a little magazine?) that only he recognized the talent of his writers was always surprised by this sort of attention from what he considered "commercial" editors. Nothing discourages a revolution like the defection of its best talents. Finding a vacuum where he expected a stone wall, the editor of this sort of little magazine lost interest, missed an issue or two, suspended publication for a while, and then discontinued his magazine altogether.

The spirit of this sort of old individualistic little magazine exists in a significantly discouraged way in *Partisan Review* and *Botteghe Oscure*. One feels they are somehow out of date. *The Partisan Review* now has a circulation of 8,000 and is representative of the old political avant-garde. It seems to exist on pieces written by a group it brought to national success ten or fifteen years ago—contributions that for one reason or another appear not to be wanted in the commercial magazines where these writers now regularly appear. It is still in its way one of the old individualistic magazines, although anachronistically kept going with foundation funds.

*Botteghe Oscure* has new writing in what seems to be all languages, appears twice yearly as a thick (about 600 pages) and very handsome paperbound book. It is truly a big little magazine in the old tradition, but with plenty of money behind it, which, of course, was not always characteristic. In the old days a little magazine editor might be lucky enough to find an angel who would go along for an issue or two with a lot of experimental stuff he didn't understand, but that was all. Marguerite Caetani, publisher and editor of *Botteghe* (called by her contributors "The Princess") has her own taste and her own money; and this combination has put *Botteghe* through its tenth year, its twenty-third issue, which by old little-magazine standards makes it something of an institution already.

IN THE past five or ten years there has grown up this new concept in little-magazine publishing: the idea of the magazine itself as an institution, or as an aspect of an institution. Usually, but not always, the institution is a college or university; recently foundations of various sorts have taken to putting them out. The editorial formulas of most of these magazines will usually be pretty much the same. Unlike the earlier little magazines which concentrated on experimental and avant-garde fiction and poetry, these semi-academic quarterlies will print (usually) one or (rarely) two stories an issue, and only a little poetry. The bulk of the magazine will be socio-political articles, with rather more depth than the equivalent in *Harper's* and *Atlantic;* critical essays on the structure of a Melville or James or Twain classic; and a lot of careful book reviews.

The magazines which follow this formula are *The Kenyon Review, The Sewanee Review, The Virginia Quarterly Review, The Yale Review, The Antioch Review, The Texas Quarterly, The Hudson Review, The Arizona Quarterly, The New Mexico Quarterly, The University of Kansas City Review, The Western Review, The Southwest Review,* and many others.

There is no danger of these university-sponsored magazines outliving their usefulness and folding. They are for the most part secured by university funds, and as long as the magazine continues to lend prestige to the university and its Department of English it will continue. To a certain extent, the universities have created the major need for these periodicals themselves. The old adage about college teaching, "Publish or Perish," presupposes a vast number of places to publish in—and the universities have had to meet this need themselves by subsidizing academic little magazines.

Thus, a great many of the contributors will be teachers of English in universities. But as a great proportion of our writers are now teachers of English in the universities anyway, this shift of the little magazine to the academic (or of the academic quarterlies to the creative) is a very natural thing. In the 1920s and 1930s, writers at the universities were thought of as in the first wave of fuddy-duddyism—Henry Van Dyke was a professor at Princeton. Nowadays the colleges are a bastion for the avant-garde—Saul Bellow teaches at Minnesota. And because the departments of English have become more "creative" the academic quarterlies that matter now are those that publish some fiction and poetry, however little. Thus, it carries more prestige for a professor to have his article appear in *Kenyon* or *Sewanee* than in *The Publications of the Modern Language Society* or *College English*, which are now felt to be dry and stuffy.

TO the world at large the little-magazine world seems to be a coterie. Little magazines as sassy as *Furioso* was and as sedate and staid as *The Yale Review* is are thought of as belonging to the same genre. Heavens, they say, picking up a copy of *Western Review* on somebody else's coffee-table (and a whole essay could be

**"A whole essay could be written on which are 'in' and which 'out.'"**

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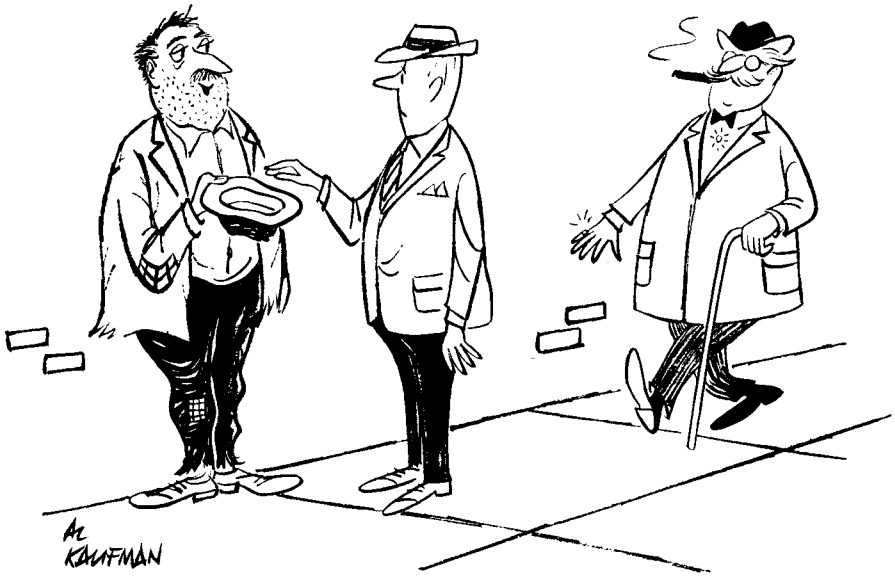


"Thank you, sir. Please move along."

written on which little magazines are "in" and which "out" on a coffee-table), the same old names! Stories by R. V. Cassill and George P. Elliott, and criticism by R. P. Blackmur of Delmore Schwartz's analysis of Alan Tate's criticism of Arthur Mizener's analysis of the structure of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun.'

This attitude toward this cliché has become a cliché. And like most clichés it is almost entirely correct: the same names *do* appear over and over again in the little magazines. This is true of both the new "institutionalized" little magazines and the old "individualistic" little magazines. Neither the content nor the readership has much changed; for the people who buy and read little magazines are for the most part those who publish in them or hope to. The same names appear over and over, and then rather suddenly begin to appear as well in the big magazines and in the seasonal schedules of the big publishing companies.

But where before such "success" might have meant an end both to a writer's little-magazine days and to the magazine which "discovered" him and the others who've left for greater glories, now some of the little magazines have become so permanent and profitable that the writer will continue to publish in them and the magazine will go on even if he doesn't. Having left behind *Points*, a writer might publish in *Accent*, then *Western Review*, then *Sewanee* or *Kenyon* or *Hudson*.

The last three magazines, and *Partisan Review*, have all at one time or another been institutionalized to the extent of having fellowships to offer their writers and often higher payment scales, all made possible by Rockefeller Foundation money. Little magazines sponsored in whole or part by foundations would have seemed a contradiction in terms in the Twenties or Thirties; but nowadays, when the foundations seem so avant-garde anyway, they are almost commonplace. *Perspectives U.S.A.* went at a subsidized low cost to the whole world, as a sort of intellectual answer to the international edition of *The Reader's Digest*—paid for by Intercultural Publications, an aspect of the Ford Foundation. *Encounter*, a sort of Anglo-American review, mostly Anglo really, is sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Two Jewish organizations sponsor little magazines. The American Jewish Committee sponsors *Commentary* "to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues." The Theodor Herzl Foundation puts out *Midstream*, supposedly to meet some sort of the same need. In their regularity and reliability they seem strangely unlike little magazines, and except that they publish fiction and appear monthly rather than weekly they strike the casual reader as not unlike the Catholic publication *Commonweal*.

BECAUSE they are institutionalized, few of the current little magazines seem to have any of the guts the free-wheeling books of the Twenties and Thirties like *Blast* and *Broom* and *Secession* did. How very different even the names are. All little magazines are published to get their material paid attention to, but the little magazines of the Twenties and Thirties used the method of shock. Instead of blasting everything sacred to the Booboisie to get themselves read, current books go in for pleasing typography and interviews with "name" authors and portfolios of a painter's sketches (months before *Life* does them). *The Paris Review*, for instance, one of the most interesting of the new crop of little magazines, does all these things; and the effort is to *attract* readers, not to shock them. It is a sign of the way our literature has degenerated from a position of protest to acceptance, and to the desire for more acceptance.

When *The Paris Review* began in Paris in 1952, it was projected in modern and commercial terms. Its editors were for the most part well-connected Harvard and Yale men who wore gray-flannel suits in the Paris offices. The magazine was to be printed abroad (as many little magazines are for the cheapness of paper and composition costs), but it was to be made attractive and readable (which few little magazines printed anywhere are). And it was promoted with some of the skill that goes into, say, the promotion of *Sports Illustrated* or *Look*. As a consequence, *The Paris Review* has one of the largest circulations of all the purely non-institutional, non-connected little magazines (about 10,000). Another little magazine of this sort which has just started up is *Contact*, representing a group of San Francisco writers who are neither Beat nor very academic: Clay Putnam, Evan S. Connell, Calvin Kentfield—all good writers. Again, this is an attractively prepared magazine; and its editor-publisher, Bill Ryan, is optimistic about not losing his shirt. He apparently sold some 10,000 copies of the first issue; but he flew East to see if he couldn't get some national publicity for the magazine to up the figure to 35,000, where it would pay. (Imagine Ezra Pound flying back from Europe to get publicity for *Poetry* or *The Little Review*!) This sort of big-deal promotion activity of *The Paris Review* and *Contact* is as foreign in its way to the old-fashioned concept of the little magazine as is the idea of being sponsored by a foundation. They are as anxious to build acceptance as *Life* or the *Saturday Evening Post* or (more fairly) *The New Yorker*.

Getting a magazine around, distribution, is another of the most characteristic problems of the old-fashioned individualistic little magazine. If you can't get copies of a magazine around you can't sell them—and in little-magazine publishing you can't get them around. There are two distributors who specialize in handling them—Bernhard deBoer's Selected Outlets in Hoboken, and the Eastern News Company. But it is not a profitable business. Distribution is mostly by mail. Magazines are shipped from the printer to the publisher (sometimes this stage is skipped) to the

(*Continued on page* 50)

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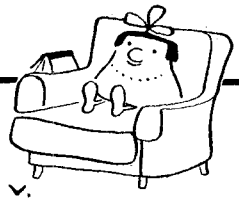

LITERARY HORIZONS

## James Joyce as Critic

By Granville Hicks

ALMOST all creative writers are good critics, and some are great critics. The names of Henry James, Thomas Mann, and T. S. Eliot immediately suggest themselves. James's passionate concern for the craft of the novel made him the best conceivable critic of his own fiction and a brilliant critic of other people's. Mann was supremely conscious of the tradition to which he belonged, and he wrote with passionate insight of the men he regarded as his ancestors. Eliot is poet and critic, and if the two personalities have sometimes seemed to be unrelated, the critic has been almost as important for our times as the poet.

James Joyce was also a formidable critic, as many passages in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Ulysses," and "Finnegans Wake" prove, but the best of his criticism is in his novels, and that is why **"The Critical Writings of James Joyce"** (Viking, $5) is a disappointing book. It contains several juvenile pieces, some twenty brief reviews written for *The Daily Express* of Dublin, translations of three lectures delivered in Italian in Trieste, translations of a number of articles, mostly on Irish politics, written for a Trieste paper, and miscellaneous writings, including some satirical verses. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann, who have edited the volume and furnished it with amazingly erudite footnotes, grant that it is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on Joyce's development.

That light is fitful, but at times it is intense. For instance, after some rather ordinary schoolboy compositions, we come on two essays about Ibsen: the first, a paper read before a student literary society at University College in Dublin, the second, a discussion of "When We Dead Awaken," which was published in the *Fortnightly Review*. What is remarkable about them is that Joyce was not yet eighteen when he wrote them. Here, one immediately feels, is a young man who is full of ideas about literature and life. Here is a mature mind, functioning with great power.

That mind rarely manifests itself in the reviews Joyce wrote, two or three years later, for *The Daily Express*. In these notices, some of which are only a few lines long, he is ruthlessly casual. He simply refuses to involve himself. He is just as perfunctory in talking about George Meredith as he is in talking about James Lane Allen, and he is rather more complimentary to the latter. Now and again he touches on matters that really concern him, but he quickly turns away.

Then one comes upon a section that the editors entitle "Aesthetics," made up of two extracts from Joyce's notebooks, and here again is the mind that was to write the critical discussions in "Portrait of the Artist." Here is the student of Aristotle and Aquinas, with his "dagger definitions," his passion for clarity, his contempt for slovenly thinking. But these passages were not written for publication.

Joyce left Dublin in 1904, at the age of twenty-two, and most of the remainder of his life was spent in exile. By 1907, according to the editors, "his command of the Tuscan dialect had advanced so far that he was invited to deliver three public lectures in Italian at the Università Popolare, a kind of adult education centre in Trieste." Two of these lectures have been preserved, one of them in a defective manuscript. (The volume also contains a lecture delivered in 1912.) At the same time, 1907, Joyce began to contribute to a Trieste newspaper, and he continued to do so, at irregular intervals, for the next five years. Although one of his lectures was on an Irish poet he admired, James Clarence Mangan, and there are articles on Wilde and Shaw, his themes were more often political than literary. Little reason as he had to love Ireland, Joyce was no friend of Ireland's foes, and at times he sounds like the most belligerent of his fellow-countrymen.

Near the end of the book there are three letters written for publication that are interesting because they are so much alike. In 1925 a magazine asked Joyce for a comment on Ezra Pound, who, according to the editors, "was more responsible than any other person for the recognition that Joyce received from 1913 to 1922." In reply Joyce expressed gratitude for Pound's "friendly help, encouragement, and generous interest in everything that I have written," but said nothing about his poetry. In the same way, when he was asked to join in a tribute to Thomas Hardy, he explained that he hadn't read Hardy's novels for a long time and wasn't familiar with his poetry, and he spoke only of his integrity and self-respect. Even his friend Italo Svevo he praised rather as a person than as a writer.

There is a caginess here that would be annoying if one didn't know how completely Joyce was willing to give himself away in his novels. For that matter, he is forthright enough in his satirical verses. In "The Holy Office," which he wrote in 1904 and had printed, he pokes fun at Yeats, Russell, and their followers. In "Gas from a Burner" he pours bawdy scorn on George Roberts, who had reneged on publishing "Dubliners." And in the last item in the book he laughs at his old idol, Ibsen. But of course it is not certain that these verses belong in a volume of critical writings.

When he was writing criticism, it seems clear, Joyce held back. Anyone who remembers the parodies in "Ulysses" knows what a careful reader he was and how deeply he must have been involved with what he read, but this involvement he regarded as a private experience. His literary experience, like other private experiences, he processed in his imagination for the purposes of his fiction. If Joyce had spent himself in criticism—or so he must have believed—he would have been poorer as a novelist.

This attitude should not surprise us, for Joyce is the perfect example of the dedicated novelist, the man to whom nothing is important except as it can serve his art. Like Stephen Dedalus as we see him at the end of "Portrait of the Artist," Joyce had made an absolute commitment. Through his devotion to his craft he became one of the great innovators, but his life was swallowed up by his art. As Wright Morris puts it in "The Territory Ahead":

> One of the master craftsmen of literature, not merely of his own but of any time, Joyce, in "Finnegans Wake," let technique become an end in itself. Both the life of the artist and his works dissolve into it. The admiration we feel for his unexampled devotion should not blind us to the price he paid for it. He stopped living.

Perhaps Morris puts the case too strongly, but Joyce does seem to have almost no existence apart from his novels. What one feels in reading his critical pieces is that he was deliberately refusing to give himself to them, that he was saving himself for the high endeavors he had in mind.

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# A Senator Surveys the Land of the Braves

*In **"Indians and Other Americans"** (Harper. 220 pp. $3.75) Harold E. Fey and D'Arcy McNickle beat indignantly at the national breast for the inhumanity with which the indigenous American continues to be treated. The other side of the coin—a Government-eye view of the difficulties in solving the reservation and other problems—is offered by Richard L. Neuberger, chairman of the Indian Affairs Subcommittee of the United States Senate. The junior Senator from Oregon, Mr. Neuberger has written extensively on Indian questions.*

**Keams Canyon School, Hopi Reservation, Ariz., 1910—A Maypole dance was introduced to "de-paganize" these young girls.**

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

AMERICAN Indians weigh heavily on the collective conscience of us all. This was their land. They roamed it free as air. We took it away from them—by fair means or foul. Atonement for this monumental wrong often has been too little and too late. When we lecture to other nations about "self-determination of peoples," we conveniently forget that the only such determination that we allowed the American Indian was usually staring into the business end of a cavalry troop's carbines. TV thrillers now show the Indian as a cruel savage marauding against the good soldiers. But since when has it been savagery to defend one's homeland?

Harold E. Fey, editor of the *Christian Century*, has been a leading and fervent champion of justice for the Indian. His magazine bespeaks the Indian's cause. He and D'Arcy McNickle have written a moving and eloquent book which synthesizes the dark deeds that characterized our past dealings with the original owners of America. "Americans have an uneasy awareness of the red brother," they write. And this, of course, is true. By stirring such awareness, the Messrs. Fey and McNickle hope to arouse sentiment for a more generous and open-handed Indian policy in the future.

Alas, it is easier for humanitarians like Harold Fey and his collaborator to record earlier wrongs than to propose future redemption. Their book bristles with indignation against the Federal policy of so-called "termination" which Congress adopted in 1953 at the behest of the Eisenhower Administration. This policy meant, in essence, that "at the earliest possible time" the Indian tribes of the United States "should be freed from Federal supervision and control and from all disabilities and limitations especially applicable to Indians." In other words, reservation Indians were to be turned loose and the reservation divided up like a pie. If the Administration selected for the first such experiment those reservations with valuable timber and mineral resources—well, why be so suspicious and skeptical? Does the white man still covet the Indian's property?

Yet one of the heroes of "Indians and Other Americans" is Ira Hayes of the Pima Tribe. He was one of the six immortal Marines who raised our flag of victory on Mount Suribachi at the pinnacle of the bloody island of Iwo Jima. Ira later died of alcoholism and exposure in an Arizona cotton-field. But, before his death, he went to Washington and pleaded "for freedom for the Pima Indians. They want to manage their own affairs, and cease being wards of Federal Government." In so many such instances, regrettable though it may seem to social-minded men like Harold Fey and D'Arcy McNickle, the Indians themselves have urged that they be liberated from both the protection and restraints of the Federal reservation.

In the beginning, nearly all the greed was on the white man's side. He wanted the Indians' domain and he took it. But now, intruded into the acquisitive culture of his conquerors, the Indian occasionally is not without his own cupidity. This excellent book devotes an entire chapter to the terminating of Federal custodianship over the historic Klamath tribe of Oregon. Yet one vital phase of the episode is omitted, which I think dem-

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onstrates the difficulty of solving this problem fairly and equitably.

After the Government had decided in 1954—and with unwise haste—to end its responsibility for the Klamaths, Congress later voted to buy the reservation from the Indians so that rich pine forests and waterfowl marshes would not be liquidated. An appraised price of $120 million was placed on the property. This amounted to $58,000 for each Indian withdrawing from tribal status—nearly a quarter of a million dollars, tax free, for a family of four. But the Indians were not satisfied with this price. They and their lawyers denounced it as a steal. They persuaded the House of Representatives to provide for a new appraisal. In vain did some of us—and this included trained foresters of the Indian Bureau—bluntly warn the Klamaths that the original appraisal was, if anything, high and overly generous.

The new appraisal sought by the Indians has just been made. It is for $90 million. Timber values have dropped. Every Klamath has lost some $13,000 from his tribal legacy because his own spokesmen thought it might be possible to get just a little more from Uncle Sam.

The Messrs. Fey and McNickle paint a tragic picture of shocking poverty on the vast Navajo reservation in the Southwest. The upland range will not support enough livestock animals to afford the Indians a decent economy. Who can blame the tribe for deteriorating under such circumstances? Yet, by contrast, the timber-rich Klamaths each received some $1,100 annually in per-capita payments during the last years of their Federal wardship. Because it was free of taxes, this was the equivalent of a $5,000 income for two parents and two children. Yet, even in their comparative affluence, the Klamaths were ravaged by whisky addiction. Despite the splendid schools on the reservation, only sixteen Indian youths graduated from high school in thirteen years. One of these went on to college.

One Indian tribe was destitute, the other relatively well off; yet both had many of the same aggravating social problems. What, then, is the ultimate answer for the 400,000 Indians still on tribal rosters? After all, despite the perfectly legitimate criticisms voiced of the Government by the authors of this book, it nevertheless is true that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has 10,000 employees and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare employs 5,000 men and women whose sole duty it is to minister to Indian health needs. This averages out at a ratio of one Federal bureaucrat for each twenty-six Indians. The personnel may not have been selected with the greatest deliberation, but surely it cannot be said that the Government is understaffed for the task of caring for its Indian wards! Furthermore, I have met many dedicated people on the staffs of these Federal agencies.

They feel—as do I—a sense of outrage over what was done to the Sioux and Chinooks and Blackfeet long ago. I can remember telling some of my friends in the Bureau of Indian Affairs the story which Colonel C. E. S. Wood once vividly related to me of the poignant surrender of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, with his women and children slaughtered by our Gattling Guns. Tears brimmed from my friends' eyes. Yet the past sometimes seems very far away when the lawyers for people who are only one-eighth Indian blood are demanding lavish cash retribution for lands where such people have not resided at any time during their lives.

IN THEIR indignant treatise, Harold Fey and D'Arcy McNickle charge that the United States provides a far more democratic and adequate Point 4 program for nations overseas than for American Indians. They make the point that any economic program on an Indian reservation is stuffed down the throat of its recipients and beneficiaries, whereas "a Point 4 program is not undertaken unless the people of a country request it . . . Management is shared jointly, with the requesting country having full authority to veto any items within a proposal."

The authors of "Indians and Other Americans" favor expunging from the statute books the resolution of the Eighty-third Congress which heralded "termination" of Federal responsibility for our Indians as the basic policy of the Government. They advocate, instead, the kind of Point 4 program which has been provided for Iran, including "assistance in health and sanitation, education and training, student assistance, industry, sugar importation, transportation, community housing, natural resources development, communications, land distribution, public administration, agrarian development, and land reform."

The proposal has much to commend it, particularly from the standpoint of emotions and sentiment. Yet, would it really be the ultimate answer? Are most Indian reservations susceptible of such development, or was the original theft so thorough that the soil will not accept the seed? How much could it cost the taxpayers of the country? This may be an unpopular question in so emotional an atmosphere; yet I try to be aware of the Treasury chart which shows that some 69 per cent of Federal income taxes are paid by Americans with net incomes of $4,500 a year or less. These people need succoring in many instances, too.

Then there is the alternative of going through with "termination" and providing the Indian with thorough training and education to survive in the white man's world. This originally was contemplated. But neither the Administration nor Congress has yet provided the $3.5 million annually, which was recommended in the act of 1955 that sought to encourage vocational preparation for Indians so they could become mechanics, engineers, court reporters, brakemen, barbers, linotypers, etc.

Nearly five centuries after the landing of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea in the New World in 1492, the question of justice for the descendants of the original owners of the realm that he discovered is still to be solved. I recommend a careful reading of "Indians and Other Americans" for any and all who want to help us confront this vexing problem.

—*Monkmeyer.*

**A Point 4 Program—or "termination" for the American Indian?**

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# Dynamics for the Western Dream

***"A Good Time to Be Alive," by Edgar Ansel Mowrer*** *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 179 pp. $3.50), subtitled "The Impact of the World on America," is a collection of essays from a seasoned journalist. Richard H. Heindel, president of Wagner College, is a specialist in international affairs.*

By Richard H. Heindel

THERE is much gloomy insight, not too much pontifical hindsight, and relevant personal revelation in these essays, which have evolved since 1952. Certainly Mr. Mowrer, a diligent observer and commentator who began his career as a war correspondent in 1914 and is now editor of *Western World*, has a claim on our attention, especially since this volume is clearly brought together by heart and mind.

For many readers it will take more than the ten pages of the title chapter to justify the exhilarating "A Good Time to Be Alive"! What this individualist, who believes in the "open universe," means is that everybody (especially Americans) has a chance for "participation in a struggle for essential values." Who can deny that? Being alive has meaning only if we are willing to risk dying. Freedom is to be preferred to peace, he insists.

I will not deny the pertinence of the subtitle, but the book says as much or more about the possible, even necessary, impact of America on the world. Perhaps some will deem it a primer for the "white [West] man's burden."

What especially alarms Mr. Mowrer is that Americans have become soft, herd-minded, self-indulgent—evidence of a rich decadence likely to make the United States the shortest-lived "power" in history.

It is essential, in Mr. Mowrer's view, to reverse the trend toward unilateral pacificism (and cynicism, its inevitable complement) if we are to avoid armed catastrophe, or if, after escaping conquest, "the West is to avert historic downfall."

A policy of "accommodation" with Communists is disastrous: what is needed is a conspicuous preponderance of U.S. military power, regardless of cost, and the will to use it.

The existence of a Communist third of mankind dedicated to world dominion, and the dangers of drift in the undecided third, require a bold American course designed to galvanize the Western will into unbreakable unity. More than that, around the demanding goal of the creation of a world "braver and newer than ever peoples have sought," we must make the efforts and sacrifices for enhancing a permanent partnership of free peoples. Such an offer, however gradual, would make us successful. At present American propaganda fails because it depicts the unattainable, and is not courageous enough in championing the trend toward political and economic integration.

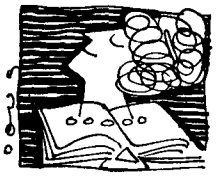
MR. MOWRER's hopes lie not in the United Nations, although he feels "international integration is the growing force." What he visualizes is a community more highly integrated than the British Commonwealth, less integrated than the United States.

Philosophical and temperamental leanings are revealed in a chapter on "The Open Universe." Spontaneity, unpredictability, unceasing wonder, and "no limits on that to which man may legitimately aspire" characterize this open universe. The author prefers this to the closed system of the "determinists." Included in a volume of this nature the question naturally arises: how does this particular credo affect the author's analysis and recommendations in world affairs?

I do not assume this chapter is a "filler"; therefore, the reader may wish to explore this question more fully. I make one suggestion: this brief heightens the value Mr. Mowrer places on freedom, hence the sacrifices necessary to forestall tyranny. At the same time, for me, his exhortations on power in an atomic-bomb world may well seem to "close" the universe, endlessly, hopelessly.

With provocative penetration, the author covers a host of subjects. He points out that Occidentalism and broad humanity "are as much a part of us as American particularity." And it is time we work from our "entire mighty heritage." His outcry against overpopulation (too many people and beauty are incompatible) is deftly articulated. The author's compass for American educators contains nothing remarkably original or profound, but Mr. Mowrer does point out that we need an intellectual elite.

I hope we shall have many years of such commentary from Mr. Mowrer.



# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWISTED NAMES (WITH BUILT-IN FIRST AID)

The anagrams below are formed from names of title characters in novels or plays (but the name is not necessarily the *full* title). Margaret Gleeson of New York City gives helpful clues alongside. She asks you to resolve the anagrams into the proper identities and to name the authors. Unscrambling is accomplished on page 27.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Moses I. Rindeel | Pious, priggish, but popular. |
| 2. Alma Hisslap | Financial failure is offset by moral victory |
| 3. Wilmer F. Kranler | Strong, fearless, fair. |
| 4. Sam A. Decail | Family troubles with a drug company bring much woe. |
| 5. Moint | The guests were fed warm water. |
| 6. Eric I. Nathans | Dramatic tale begins on the waterfront. |
| 7. May Strowe | Attending a picnic leads to an underground misadventure. |
| 8. Tina K. Fenners | Murder in the far north is one event. |
| 9. Don Y. Shermen | Smallpox-carrier is self-sacrificing. |
| 10. Dinah du Wendlops | Fingerprint expert solves mystery. |
| 11. Olaf Turney | A bootblack saves the day. |
| 12. Stephen A. Brichor | Hired help marries artist. |
| 13. Sandra T. Hoveney | Adventurer is also bold in business. |
| 14. Ethan R. Rowe | Country preacher takes New York trip. |
| 15. Dellis Raimy | Innocent abroad. |

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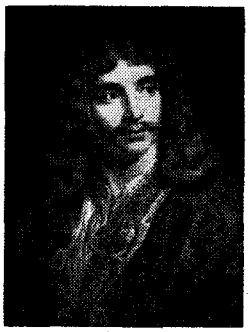
FICTION



—Culver.

Molière

O'Neill

F.D.R.

Harriet Potter

**The historical novelist can dig in the ruins of antiquity . . . or he can look over his shoulder at yesterday.**

# No Matter the Name, the Facts Are the Same

*It's not such a long way from fiction to truth, at least according to this season's biographical novels, which are based in character and plot upon actual persons and events. Some, like* ***Michael O'Shaughnessy's "Monsieur Molière"*** *(Crowell. 280 pp. $3.95) and* ***Elithe Hamilton Kirkland's "Love Is a Wild Assault"*** *(Doubleday. 502 pp. $4.95), make no attempt to disguise the central figure. Other historical-biographical novels, generally of people who lived within memory's span, like* ***Stephen and Ethel Longstreet's "The Politician"*** *(Funk & Wagnalls. 434 pp. $4.95) and* ***Max Wylie's "Trouble in the Flesh"*** *(Doubleday. 478 pp. $4.50), conceal, however slightly, the identity of the hero. Virgilia Peterson, who is a well-known literary critic and radio commentator on books and authors, discusses the many problems inherent in the creation of biographical fiction and appraises how successfully these five writers have reached their goals.*

By VIRGILIA PETERSON

THE ONLY plausible explanation for the great popularity of historical novels in America today is that they are based on fact. And it is in fact, rather than in fancy, that we children of the age of science have learned to put our trust. That facts are often relative, that few of them are irrefutable, does not seem to lessen our respect, and even when we know that they have been lifted out of context, embroidered upon, and souped up, they are still, as such, more acceptable to most of us than the loftiest flights of imagination. Whether historical romances contain more truth than fiction is certainly a moot question. It could be argued that the real truth about this naughty world is more likely to be found in a pure work of the imagination than in doctored history. But the argument is fruitless. Not poetry but physics, not prophets but technicians, shape the modern world. We worship at the shrine of facts.

The historical novelist has the whole of recorded time on which to draw. He can dig in the ruins of antiquity for his stories of human passions, or he can look over his shoulder at yesterday and draw on his father's father. He can roam the world for a remote, exotic background or make use of his own backyard. Above all, he can take any tone, any attitude he pleases. Should the backstairs gossip of history appeal to him more than the sagas of its battlefields, should he prefer buried Caesars of low rather than of high repute, or should he be stirred by the heroic mold and gesture of history's elite—he can bend, color, and transmute the public facts to fit his private vision. Unlike the historian whose colleagues wait to pounce on error, the historical novelist has only the readers' taste and his own conscience to satisfy.

There are, therefore, as many kinds of historical novels as there are novelists to write them. Some extol and others damn; some are concerned with celebrated figures and others with those heretofore unsung; some describe real, and some imaginary, people, and others use real people as models under imaginary names. To the extent that historical novelists are serious, they seek to illuminate the present by uncovering the past. Ironically enough, however, it it not by their knowledge of the facts but by the quality of their imagination that they stand or fall.

Among the latest of such novels, "The Politician," by Stephen and Ethel Longstreet, and "Trouble in the Flesh," by Max Wylie, deal with a past so immediate that only readers born since the 1930s could see them in the perspective of history. All the characters in both these books, many of whom are modeled on real people, have fictitious names. "The Politician"

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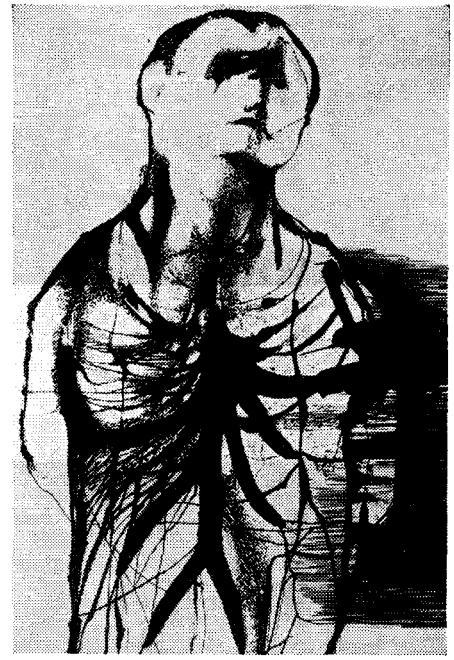
tells the story of the boyhood, education, and political career of an American aristocrat who, at an unidentified period of crisis in the nation's affairs and after an accident that almost destroyed him, was elected President. "Trouble in the Flesh" tells the story of an Irish-American playwright whose somber, clumsy tragedies took the world of the theatre by storm. Who these men are meant to be is more than obvious. Both of them, recently dead, are still so alive in the minds of all but the youngest generations that their very names arouse as much love or hate, as much praise or condemnation, as when they were among us. Designed to touch the nerve-ends of memory, these books are certain to excite controversy not common to historical novels.

Much as "The Politician" and "Trouble in the Flesh" resemble each other in technique, their intent, however, is by no means the same. In "The Politician," while the Longstreets have been quite realistic about the ruthlessness of American party politics, they oversimplify, tidy, and ennoble their Rooseveltian hero, Paul Hawley Barraclough, as he is revealed through the eyes of a contemporary who fished and sailed with him as a boy, did odd jobs on the Barraclough estate, joined the hired help at Paul's parties, and then grew up to become his main adviser, campaign manager, and closest friend. It might almost have been written for teen-aged readers. Were it not for the arch-sized emotions that even the most oblique reference to the Roosevelts never fails to arouse, this supposedly full-sized replica of one of the most complex figures of our time could hardly be taken seriously. Yet for those who loved him it will, like the far more direct and compelling "Sunrise at Campobello," bring the inevitable lump into the throat.

In "Trouble in the Flesh," on the contrary, Max Wylie has probed the farthest reaches of his protagonist's soul. Much of that soul was, of course, long since laid bare by the playwright himself, the man whom Mr. Wylie calls Seton Farrier and who can be none other than Eugene O'Neill. Anyone who has seen or read "Long Day's Journey Into Night" will recognize in Mr. Wylie's portraits of O'Neill and his father and mother and brother how much of their tensions and despairs he has taken from that play. But far from attempting to simplify or tidy or ennoble the bedeviled O'Neill family with its wracked genius, its animosities, and its pitiful impulses of self-destruction, Mr. Wylie has turned up every stone of memory, studied every letter and document and play, in order to see for himself, and make the reader see, what lay beneath. If this is an awful story, it is also fascinating; if it seems at times endlessly repetitive, if the steadfastness of the playwright's wife seems well past belief, and the wickedness of his mistress beyond conceiving, this cumulation was probably the only way in which to reveal the nature of the combat between light and darkness that reached such a peak of intensity in Eugene O'Neill.

Far more conventional, and also far less interesting, is the book called "Monsieur Molière," by Michael O'Shaughnessy, in which the quaintness of cadence, presumably intended to carry the reader back to the seventeenth century, merely thins down its reality; in which an exchange of dialogue between Molière and Racine—two of the most brilliant minds of their own or any other time—falls as flat as a dialogue between housewives across a fence; and in which Molière as a character, stripped of the terrible turmoils that beset most of his adult life, lacks all the vitality of the characters he himself invented.

But the fact that "Monsieur Molière" fails to come off does not mean that historical novels must always experiment with new forms in order to succeed. There could hardly be a more old-fashioned, conventional book of this kind than, for instance, the new Texas novel, "Love Is a Wild Assault," based on the personal chronicle of Harriet Moore Page Potter Ames, one of the first American settlers to take root in Texas at the time when it freed itself from Mexico. The author, Elithe Hamilton Kirkland, a Texan herself, who has written one earlier novel about her native state, obtained access to this till-now unpublished material from the Texas Historical Association. Small wonder that she undertook to convert it into a novel, for it has every ingredient to enlist uncritical sympathy. This life of a woman who married three times, bore her various husbands eighteen children, and endured unimaginable hardship, danger, treachery, and contumely, may be too sentimental, profuse, and throaty in the manner of its telling to subdue the sophisticated cynic, but it more than realizes its purpose in bringing home once again to Americans their heritage of violence, of wildness, and of strength. For those who like their facts unsweetened and their history straight, it is to be hoped that Harriet Potter's own manuscript will someday be published. For in the last analysis, no fictional account of real experience, no matter how perfectly imagined, can match the impact of the first-hand naked truth.



—Jacket drawing from "The Body's Cage."

**Trapped or not depends on the bird.**

# The Yeas of Life

***"The Body's Cage," by Benjamin DeMott*** *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 303 pp. $4), tells of a faith healer and her strange influence upon a Long Island, New York family during the Thirties. Critic Wright Morris won the 1956 National Book Award for his novel, "The Field of Vision." His most recent book, "The Territory Ahead," is a study of the effects of nostalgia on the American imagination.*

By Wright Morris

THIS is a first novel that will not remind you of Kafka, or Joyce, or of Hemingway, Anderson, or Faulkner, or of the angry young men, or the beat generation. Not that Benjamin DeMott hasn't read the young and old masters, but he has also had time to digest them. In this, his first solo flight, he is pretty much his own man. But he is neither buying nor selling. He has no axe to grind, and he offers you no coupons. The total absence of a sales-line may disturb the reader accustomed to the literary singing commercial, assuring the reader that his reading time has been well spent. Nor will he find, on almost every page, characters as "lifelike as your neighbors"—a dubious and irrelevant form of flattery. The jacket rightly says that the author's concerns are newer to fiction than to life, and that is how it should be, since it is from fiction that life gets its hot tips. If you want to know the future sell

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your crystal ball, and buy a good book.

Mr. DeMott's theme, as the title suggests, is the nature of the cage in which men and women find themselves—whether trapped or not depending on the nature of the bird. What he has to say on this durable problem is largely how he says it. Here is a sample of how Elsie, a simple heart, meets her man:

> A saw lay in the sun, there was a yellow pond of brilliance in the blade and the light folded above it in waves. One of the men rose under the tree brushing his trousers and perhaps for an instant some tremor passed through the air . . . in her confusion Elsie saw his blue shirt dark under his shoulders, his white overalls. His teeth showed and the freshness of his mouth when he spoke.

This man is James Pick, and Elsie's life with him gives rise to the characters, the situations, and the mounting drama of the novel. Through the eyes of Kimball Pick, her son, we see the spinning web of entanglements that result in the death of his sister Emily, and precipitates the trial that seeks to probe, and repair, the body's battered cage. The forces of evil in the faith healer Mrs. Chithero, and the forces of enlightenment in Dr. Tandy, encounter in the nature of life a pliant, yet curiously resistant material. Neither can be said to carry the day. In Kimball Pick's stubborn nay-saying, with which the trial closes, Benjamin DeMott seems to suggest there is a deep yea-saying to life. As there is a pattern of survival in the way yes and no have shaped his existence.

MR. DEMOTT has somehow managed to write a novel concerned with New England life and people without the tiresome clichés of New England "character." The landscape is not seen through an assortment of windows, but evoked in terms of the scene and situation. This testifies, like the unobstrusive craft, to the amount of experience the author has managed to absorb, rather than merely to exploit.

I hope that Mr. DeMott, who teaches English at Amherst, will find the time to both coddle and force the talents so well exercised in "The Body's Cage." The writing is disciplined and flexible, the ornament is there when one is needed, and, bless him, DeMott knows when to stop. Now and then he draws too fine a bead, but both in scale and tone he avoids the fashionable pretenses that make so many first novels so easy to advertise—and so hard to read.

# Frame Around Faith

***"Measure My Love," by Helga Sandburg*** *(McDowell, Obolensky. 180 pp. $3.50), is the story of a strong-willed woman and her arduous life in the Michigan farmlands. Doris Betts, the author of "The Gentle Insurrection," and a Guggenheim Fellow, is currently completing another novel.*

By Doris Betts

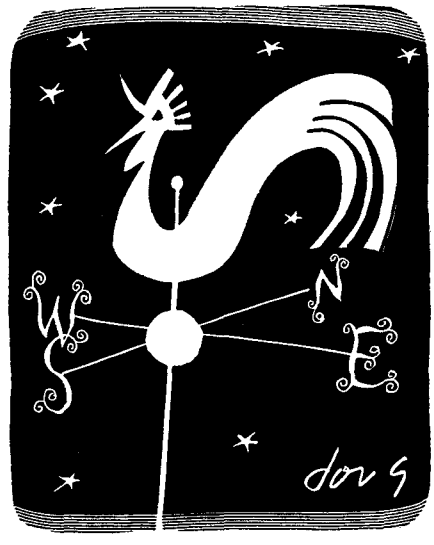
IT DOESN'T seem long since Carl Sandburg was writing in "Early Moon" about a daughter with milk drops on her chin, but it's twenty-nine years, and that daughter has become a fine writer.

Helga Sandburg's talent is her own, but her love for people and descriptive gifts are like her father's. In "Measure My Love," her second novel (her first was "The Wheel of Earth"), she writes with surety about a woman who is much like the soil on which she lives—deep as earth, steady as seasons, and as straightforward in the giving of love as any harvest time.

The title of the book is from a child's song, "I measure my love to show you," and in it several loves are explored, chiefly that of Faith Summers for her unfaithful husband. Almost as wide and deep is Job's love for his daughter Faith, in whom he sees the qualities he longed to impart to sons. But love—measured so differently by them both—is not enough to mend the flaw in the marriage of Faith Summers and Buddy Bain. "Their natures built the flaw," Miss Sandburg writes. Faith's nature also builds her healing, as she shifts her feelings to her sons and the farm on which they will grow to manhood.

This last-minute ownership of the farm is almost too convenient a solution for Faith, one reservation about an otherwise satisfying novel. The side plots of Dolly's infidelity, the marriage of Choice Bain to Lacy Summers, the rape of Faith's sister Irene—these incidents in the Bain and Summers families are only a frame around Faith. Centering first in her character, the novel is also rooted in farm life—in land, seed, sky, tree, berry, and furrow.

This is no simple book, but it may be confused with one because it is so direct and honest. "Measure My Love" is one of the finest novels with a rural setting in this generation.




# Insights at Uskadak

***"Providence Island," by Jacquetta Hawkes*** *(Random House. 239 pp. $3.50), disguises serious comments on modern society behind a witty tale of archeologists and their discovery of a thriving prehistoric community. Ben Ray Redman is a frequent contributor to* Saturday Review's *pages.*

By Ben Ray Redman

HOW MANY authors have led how many readers to hidden valleys and hitherto undiscovered islands where they have found men and women and other creatures of all degrees of strangeness? Though not so abundant as the leaves of Vollombrosa, they are numerous enough. But few of them have conducted their expeditions with the professional competence, poetic imagination, underlying seriousness, and charm of Jacquetta Hawkes, who leads us to uncharted Providence Island, one of the scattered oceanic specks of Micronesia. Miss Hawkes (Mrs. J. B. Priestley) read archeology and anthropology at Cambridge, has participated in a number of digs, and has published books on prehistoric Britain and the archeology of Jersey. She knows her dons and digs and so-called primitive peoples.

It all begins when Professor Pennycuick, Oxford don and humanist turned archeologist, bored with Minoan civilization and with himself in his sixties, is shown some flint blades and tools by a young friend, a ship's radio officer. The professor knows at once what they are: "a typical Upper Paleolithic assemblage. Magdalenian, I should say. From France or Spain, I suppose . . ." They are Magdalenian right enough, but the joker up Sam Roberts's sleeve is that they have

(Continued on page 27)

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# The Public Still Owns the Air

A QUESTION that has always existed with respect to television in the United States has now become critical and insistent. The question: To what extent does a television station have to fulfill a public service role? Also: Exactly how is public service to be defined?

First, some background. Radio and television broadcasting, like newspaper and magazine publishing, is in the field of mass communications. Both deal in information and entertainment, in varying degrees. And both depend on advertising for revenue and profit, in whole or part.

There is, however, one significant difference. There is no limit on the number of newspapers that may be published in a city, other than that imposed by the natural laws of competition. No prospective newspaper or magazine publisher has to apply to the United States Government for permission to go into business. This is not the case with a radio or television station. The most valuable ingredient is owned by the American people and is furnished without charge to the broadcaster. This is the air channel. Since the air can carry only a limited amount of broadcasting traffic, the Government has to choose, from among the many applicants, the ones who are to be given the franchise.

Yet the theory that the U.S. owns the air lanes does not hold when a broadcaster decides to sell.

Consider the case of the short-term operator. He will acquire a television franchise from the Federal Communications Commission, often against a wide field of applicants. He will install telecasting equipment worth, let us say, three-quarters of a million dollars. Three years later he will sell not only the equipment but the franchise for several million dollars. In short, when a television operator decides to dispose of a station, the air rights do not revert to the American people. The FCC, to be sure, must approve the sale of a station. But it is up to the seller to determine who gets the franchise, and, also, what he wants to be paid for it.

EVEN in the allocation of channels, the public service factor has not always been observed. In New York City, for example, not a single channel in the range of regular television frequencies has been reserved for educational TV. The FCC, in its defense, claims it has set aside some bands in the ultra-high frequency range. The trouble with this argument, however, is that television sets in New York are not equipped to receive ultra-high frequencies. Realistically, therefore, the only chance that the nation's largest city will have educational telecasting is if it acquires one of the present regular channels. Two years ago, it appeared that this might be the case. The owners of a commercial channel decided to sell. New York University tried to save the day for educational TV by putting up a very substantial bid for the station. It had the prospective backing of one of the large foundations which quite properly felt that educational television might not become a major force nationally unless a flagship station were established in New York. Unfortunately, New York University was outbid. The owner couldn't be blamed for getting as much as he could. He hadn't been very successful as a telecaster. His equipment was worth not much more than a half million dollars. But he sold for almost four million.

Just as the public service factor seems to be diminishing in the allocation of stations, so it seems to be diminishing in the operation of the stations themselves. In television, sponsored entertainment more than dominates; it overwhelms. Most of the quality information or educational programs are now herded together in what has not inappropriately been termed a Sunday TV ghetto. Good programs on other days are being scrapped. Informational television has never known anything finer than "See It Now," produced by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly. "See It Now" cannot now be seen; it has been backed off the air by commercial entertainment, much of it in the spurs-and-bang-bang variety.

IT IS not precisely true that the only way a high quality program can be seen is if a sponsor is willing to pay for it. The stations are now pursuing a policy designed to eliminate programs of high quality *even if sponsors are willing to pay for them.* Take the case of the "Firestone Hour," for years a regular feature on network television. The "Firestone Hour" was neither highbrow nor lowbrow; it represented a comfortable level of quality and good taste. But the "Firestone Hour" is now being shunted off the air, despite the eagerness of the sponsor to continue. The reason is that the station managers fear that the surrounding programs may suffer. Any "weak" spot in the evening programming—measuring "weakness" by ratings—must not be allowed to affect the big winners.

It is possible that the Federal Communications Commission believes that such developments are not its concern. But one thing is certain. The leaders of articulate public opinion in other areas are not going to remain inarticulate in this area for very long. The station owners are bound to discover that opposition to their policies does not have to achieve the mass numbers of a "Gunsmoke" audience in order to be effective. The entire history of effective reform in America is related to this power of sharp, swift action by leaders of public opinion. The present permissive policies of the present FCC cannot last. Congress will not remain disinterested. The public still owns the air.

A basic situation exists that requires correction. The correction will come. How basic and sweeping this correction will be depends on the speed with which the present drift can be reversed by commercial television itself. —N. C.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### MEAL TICKET

THE UNITED STATES Exhibit to be held in Moscow on July 4, 1959, and its counterpart to be conducted by the Soviets in the New York Coliseum, seem to provide an ideal opportunity for enhancing mutual understanding between the people of the United States and the people of the Soviet Union. I understand that in addition to cultural and economic exhibits, the United States Information Service plans to include restaurants and snack bars serving typical American foods at cost. I would consider it a privilege to be able to invite a Soviet family to dine at the American Exhibit in Moscow as my guest.

Such a plan would not seem unduly difficult to carry out. A simple letter of invitation, signed by the American host and enclosing a small contribution of, say, a dollar, could be sent to a central point at the Exhibit. As a Soviet family entered the Exhibit, this letter could be handed to them. I would appreciate any reactions *SR*'s readers may have to this plan, including ideas on its practicality and on how best to get it started.

WILLEM BROUWER.

Lexington, Mass.

### CASH ON THE BARREL

THE EXCELLENT ARTICLE, "The Inarticulate Professor," by Richard B. Hovey (*SR* April 18), is gratifying support for an argument I have been carrying on with several of my colleagues. I am disturbed only by the fact that it was written by an English professor rather than one of my social psychologist friends, who should be aware of the silly stereotype we college people perpetuate by accepting a "psychic income" in lieu of hard cash, which is the only valuable gauge of achievement and efficiency which the majority of the population has.

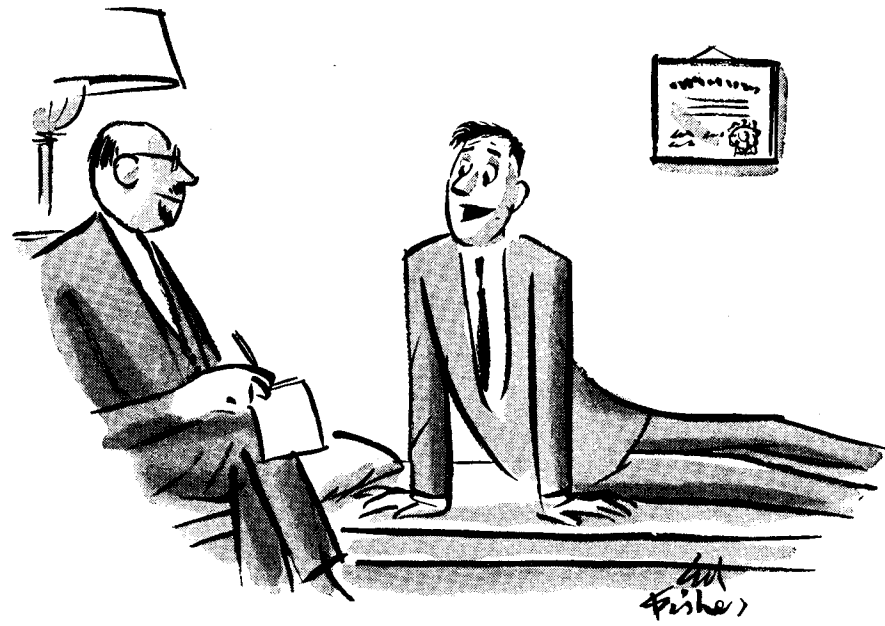
JAMES C. MANCUSO.

Bethlehem, Pa.

### WORTH THE STRUGGLE

AS THE WIFE OF A university professor, I am intimately concerned with the problem of the inarticulate professor. From my own observations and discussions with other university faculty people, I think that the first job of any organization undertaking to improve the lot of faculty personnel would be to convince the university professors, themselves, that pursuit of adequate salaries is not to be shunned. Rather, a decent salary is worth more than a token struggle. The staff members would have to be educated to the fact that even the very best minds are being well paid these days.

I must admit, however, that if my own interests were not involved, I, too, along with the majority of public opinion, would support the idea that if the professors, as a group, do not want a decent salary enough to stand up and shout for it, then they don't deserve it.



"Then this mess *wasn't* caused by my failure to vote in the '52 primaries!"

As I see it, the crux of the situation is to convince the professors that getting a good salary is reason enough to "become articulate." When this happens, the rest will fall into place.

ROSE GRANT.

Baltimore, Md.

### EXCEPTIONAL COURAGE

RICHARD B. HOVEY'S "The Inarticulate Professor" hits the ball hard. The effort to get intelligent action for social improvement is thwarted by the inherent weakness of the teacher and professor. But the recent past reveals that should sufficient numbers of teachers arrive near a position for effective action, the power of the local, state, and Federal government steps in to negate, thwart, and reduce to zero whatever has been accomplished.

For example, the efforts of teachers organized below the college level resulted in the late Thirties and early Forties in the placing of strong tenure laws on the books of many states. In the wake of these efforts, counter forces passed laws forbidding teachers to strike, in the cold war period they instituted loyalty oaths and unleashed state and national un-American committees. The attack was primarily against those courageous teachers who perceived that the whole community was served if educators worked to improve academic freedom, tenure, salaries, and democratic procedures in the schools and colleges.

With almost calculated unanimity all sections of the state government acted, aided luridly by the major propaganda vehicles. Neither the executive nor the legislative, nor the judicial branches found it within their province to uphold tenure, academic freedom, or past laws as they were intended. Where an individual on the decisive levels took a contrary position, he himself became suspect and was often victimized.

The result is that tenure has lost its meaning. To wit, Pennsylvania with one of the best laws, dismissed teachers for "incompetency" and blacklisted them from future employment, if the teacher refused to answer the superintendent's questions regarding his reading matter, past associates, or political opinions. Those selected for this treatment invariably were connected with a rank and file effort to improve teacher status. This emphasized that it takes exceptional courage to voice an opinion as R. B. Hovey has done, even more so if action is contemplated. But this quality is exactly the one needed for progress.

DAVID PERLOFF.

Philadelphia, Pa.

### FORGIVE AND FORGET

IN NORMAN THOMAS'S article, "Are We as Right as We Think?" (*SR* April 18), he arrives at two pertinent points; *viz.*, 1) that the one interest we and the Soviet Union have in common is our survival, and 2) nuclear weapons have made war obsolete and should be abandoned as an instrument of policy. It is interesting to note that these two points were stated and given dramatic emphasis in a speech by General Douglas MacArthur on January 26, 1955, at Los Angeles.

If the White House had been willing to forget personal jealousies and meaningless definitions about "liberal" versus "conservative" thought, the counsel of MacArthur would have been utilized in the early days of the present administration. This isn't a time for semantic debates.

CHARLES CARSON.

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### The Green Crow Flies Again

LAFAYETTE, IND.

IT IS not often that the latest play by the world's greatest living playwright has its world premiere in the community theatre of a small Midwestern city. But when Sean O'Casey was asked to allow certain "technical alterations" in **"The Drums of Father Ned"** by its Dublin Festival producers last spring, he refused, and the play was shelved. A few months later, the Lafayette Little Theatre Association asked to do the play and to its surprise the seventy-five-year-old writer gave his assent. In cognizance of this honor, it has tried to give the play an unusually fine production.

The new work is in the "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy" tradition and features the familiar O'Casey polemic against greedy exploiters of the working man. These exploiters are satirically presented in the persons of two rascally public officials, who are so hate-filled that they are spared by the British Army in the knowledge that the pair will do more harm to Ireland alive than dead. Assisting this pair is a narrow-minded priest who is losing ground in his fight to dominate his parish, and to teach the laborers that when they work for their greedy but church-supporting bosses, it's the same thing as working for God.

Making the priest's position more difficult is the people's decision to have an annual festival (Tostal), and a mysterious man we never see, named Father Ned. Father Ned is a cross between the cock in "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy" and one or two good priests O'Casey has heard of but never met. We see him through the young people who are all acting under his inhibition-releasing influence. As one of the boys says, "We must fight what is old and stale and vicious, the hate, the meanness, their policies preach, and make way for the young and the thrusting." By the play's end the young people are winning by a landslide, and even the old are becoming less scared of "the music of life."

When in the last act the old people are arguing about whether God is a Protestant or a Roman Catholic, a young man laughingly interrupts to state what seems to be O'Casey's own belief. "He's nuthin; but He is all, and above noticin' the tinkle of an opinion. He may be but a shout in the street . . . a shout for freedom, like the shout of the men on Bunker Hill; the shout of the people for bread in the streets, as in the French Revolution; the shout for the world's ownership by the people, as in the Soviet Revolution."

O'Casey himself has called this an idle laughing play, so the production here has taken him at his word and emphasized the fun. There are some excellent vigorous performances that bring out the satire for audiences that find O'Casey's unconventional form and colloquial remarks about Ireland a bit bewildering. While the company falls short of doing full justice to O'Casey's forceful lyricism, it has surpassed what one would expect from a community theatre performance of a kind of material that Broadway has yet to do satisfactorily. In their hands "The Drums of Father Ned" emerges as a distinguished and entertaining addition to the O'Casey canon.

"LIVE by the gun and die by the gun" is the good advice one of Harold Rome's songs offers in the new musical hit, **"Destry Rides Again."** For the more sensitive members of the audience, the show proves this point too well. For the noise of gunfire, crackling bullwhips, and frontier whoopee is exhausting and slightly superficial. The one exception is a satirical ensemble in which the citizens of Bottleneck do a mock-mourning song and dance to tease a scoundrel in jail awaiting trial for murder. Choreographed with great precision by Michael Kidd, it is great until they decide to push their luck and throw in verbal gags and hypo the pace. Thus here, as throughout the show, amusement and artistry are wasted for want of a clear attitude.

In the role of Frenchy, created in the film by Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Gray chooses to play a hard-boiled girl who is good-hearted underneath, rather than Marlene's irretrievably bad girl with the virtue of self-knowledge. Similarly, Andy Griffith as Destry seems closer to Bob Burns than to James Stewart. Such simplification is not necessarily bad in musicals, but it should be compensated for by songs and dances that float the story on a larger sea. Unfortunately, the songs and dances in "Destry Rides Again" merely create gigantic waves in which the story founders.

—HENRY HEWES.

## Gielgud Reading Lear

By Peter Kane Dufault

HE COMES on with a keening moan
as if all stops upon his pipe
but the last falsetto vent
were choked by grief,
and with poor grasping-empty
lingering-loosening hands delineates
dead Cordelia . . . What is she
to him that he should weep for her?—A corpse of air.
And no more there (stage left)
than say at rear right of the mezzanine
or lobby, equally empty, or
the street outside, or anywhere-
under-the-moon vacant. Yet he weeps for her,
with seeming-helpless hands conducts
a whole mighty orchestra of eyes
to weep for her . . . Something lies there—
Cordelia, Hecuba, the abstract
and distillate of loss—an element
invisible, but as real to character
as waves to fish or fire to salamanders?
He cannot face it but the blast
contorts his features to a mask
of Heracles gone mad or Oedipus . . .
Gielgud, you take the wind
out of our question: Not
"Why does he weep?" but, "Why—
since we're all fathers, sons,
daughters, to lose or to be lost—why
are we tonight only come to tears?"

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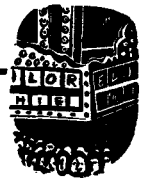


## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Raising the Roof

ONE of the foolish legends that persists in the minds of moviegoers, despite considerable evidence to the contrary, is the notion that the camera never lies. Actually, nothing could be farther from the truth. The camera, with its limited field of vision, its predetermined point of view, and its astigmatic foreshortenings, is really lying most of the time. It bends and distorts reality, giving back at best the merest fraction of the world that surrounds it. Indeed, perhaps the most difficult task that faces any director is to force his instrument to tell the truth—or at least the truth as he, the director, sees and understands it.

This was the problem that the directors of the Italian neorealist school set for themselves a dozen or more years ago, to show things as they actually are, without moralizing, glamorizing, or falsifying. In films like "Open City," "Paisan," and "The Bicycle Thief," they worked out the techniques and the aesthetic that lent substance to their theory—real people in real settings acting out stories that had their basis in fact. Over the past decade, neorealism has taken many a sorry turn. Actuality was translated into sensationalism; for the true stories of simple people were substituted highly colored fictions about dope addicts, prostitutes, and wayward girls.

Short-sighted producers may have banked the fires of neorealism but Vittorio de Sica's latest film, **"The Roof,"** reveals that they did not put them out entirely. Financed personally by de Sica from his income as an actor in routine pictures by others, it is a confirmation of the power of neorealist principles to create an awareness of people and their problems far more affecting than fiction could ever be. The apprentice bricklayer and his young wife, the protagonists of this lovely film, are so affecting because they are so real; and they are so real because de Sica has seen to it that every incident, every detail in every shot contributes to a sense of unstrained, unforced actuality.

But de Sica is aware that, as an artist, he must select and control the reality that passes before his camera lens. And so in this story of a newly married couple searching in vain for a cheap apartment in crowded Rome, he stages scene after scene against the housing projects then going up throughout the city, with overtones of irony and of hope. In desperation, the young couple gambles on building an illegal shack on the outskirts of Rome. If they can get it up before dawn, with a roof and a door on it, the law declares that they can not be dispossessed. Natale works feverishly with his friends, and by morning, when the police come, everything is finished except a small patch of roof. Will they be permitted to stay? De Sica makes it clear that the final, favorable decision is an arbitrary one; while reminding us, through a small boy who stands apart and shivering through the long night, that there are still many who are poor and homeless, that a happy ending is not necessarily a real solution.

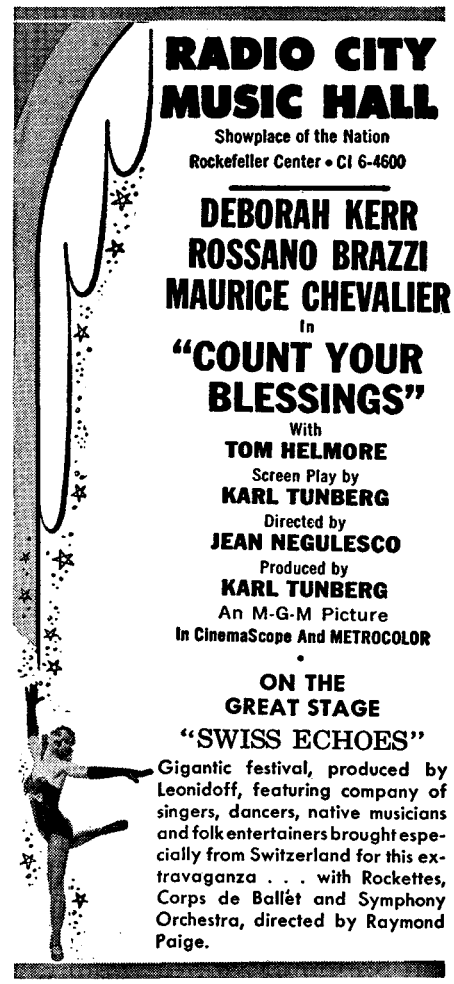
"The Roof" may not be the best de Sica film—not as searching as "Shoeshine," not as fully realized as "The Bicycle Thief." But it shares with those masterworks all the earmarks of artistry, honesty, and compassion that place de Sica among the great directors of our time.

* * *

There have been numerous attempts to translate Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment" into acceptable screen fare, even though the producers must realize that inevitably their own work will be compared to the original—and found wanting. Nevertheless, Dennis and Terry Sanders, two youthful film makers collaborating here on their first feature, must be rated with something better than just a good try. In **"Crime and Punishment, U.S.A."** (Allied Artists), they have not only translated the story from Russia to Southern California but rephrased it in contemporary terms. Their Raskolnikov, engagingly played by George Hamilton, is a jive-talking law student, a beatnik. Their Inspector (Frank Silvera) is a hard-working, gum-chewing police lieutenant with the working cop's instinct for a phony alibi.

A surprising amount of the novel admits of this kind of change—and what does not has wisely been either minimized or eliminated completely. The result is an off-beat, stunningly photographed crime picture with depths which, thanks to the story's origin, are rarely found in films of this *genre*.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

# Dance vs. Ballet at the Bolshoi

TO judge from the second cycle of performances by the Bolshoi Ballet company in the Metropolitan Opera House, it has much to teach us about dancing, if not so much about the composite elements that make up ballet. The evidence was provided in a dizzily diverting series of repertory items titled "Highlights I," which alternated with a slightly disconcerting version of "Swan Lake." For some twenty minutes all values came into alignment in a rapturously beautiful, superbly danced "Chopiniana" (the original title of the thrice-familiar "Sylphides"), which provided a dazzling headlight for these "Highlights."

Here, in microcosm, was the kind of perfection available to this superb ensemble when pursuing, with love and affection, a master plan of unassailable distinction. Against a Corot-like background in an autumnal vein, Fokine's *ballet blanc* was set out with faultless ensemble and a breathtaking series of solo interpretations climaxed by an incredibly artful interpretation of the C sharp minor waltz by Galina Ulanova and Nicolai Fadeyechev. I could have dispensed with the brassy "Polonaise," which served as overture, but once the curtain was up there was only enchantment in the first waltz by Nina Timofeyeva, Ulanova in the prelude, and the ensemble throughout. Yuri Faier directed the orchestra in a deliberate but expressive treatment of the classic orchestration (mostly by Glazunow).

Thereafter the "Highlights" were mostly high (temperamentally) and light (technically), choreographically nil, and unfailingly productive of physical virtuosity. In a kind of baletic Olympics, the events included the facile brilliance of Raissa Struchkova in a melange from "Sleeping Beauty" (part *pas de deux* with the bouncy Boris Khokhlov, part resolute showmanship to the "Three Ivans" music), and the supple tensions of Maya Plisetskaya in a rather banal treatment of Gounod's "Walpurgis Night" music from "Faust". Post-intermission, there was a parade of other excitations by Ekaterina Maximova, a youthful picture of animation in a *pas de deux* from "The Flame of Paris," with Gennadi Lediakh as her spinning partner, Liudmila Bogomolova in a light-hearted, practise-costume composition to Shostakovitch music, and a dazzling "Etude" whose climax found Struchkova unsupported, in a kneeling position on the chest of her partner, Alexander Lapauri.

Viewed against this background, the "Swan Lake" was even less a sum of possible parts than it might have seemed otherwise. It was a "version" (attributed to Alexander Gorsky of old, in the first three acts, and the contemporary Asaf Messerer in the fourth) in which a "happy ending" is substituted for the original fatalistic one, in which the Black Swan's thirty-two fouettés are included at the whim of a particular ballerina, in which the character of Benno, the Prince's friend, is eliminated, there are six cygnettes instead of four and the tipsy Tutor is resolutely sober. For that matter, the impersonation of the Odette / Odile role fluctuated widely in emphasis, depending on whether it was danced by the acrobatic Plisetskaya, or the more poetic Timofeyeva. Each, in her fashion, is true to the literal requirements of the choreography, but the variation of responsibility to the character elements involved is considerable. Timofeyeva's lyricism was a constant, and admirable, element throughout, with an occasional flareup of "character" when convenient. Her relatively undramatic effort culminated in the fouettés omitted by Plisetskaya.

Choreographically, this "Swan Lake" is spotty, the first act being full of attractive ensemble dance (especially on the occasions when Bogomolova made a delight of the *pas de trois*). But the second is rather cool in romantic temperature (the Prince doesn't dance at all), and the third is staged for show and the interpolated divertissements rather than dramatic meaning. Messerer has added detail to the fourth, which gives it more dramatic weight, but the "happy ending" in which the hero vanquishes the sorcerer and achieves a reunion with Odette is a bland touch of the contemporary. Redemption-through-sacrifice and bliss in an afterworld are no longer the Russian fashion.

However, the Russian male remains a superbly functioning mechanism of the dance, whether the handsome, not-too-flexible specimen named Nicolai Fadeyechev, or the less good-looking but wonderfully resourceful alternate Prince, Boris Khokhlov. The latter's air turns landing on one foot with implacable balance, his leg power in leaps (both combined with an elasticity rarely observed in Western male dancers not named Igor Youskevitch), proved beyond contention that time is of the essence in producing results of this quality. Vladimir Levashev, the admirable "second" Mercutio in "Romeo," made for uncommon excellence as the Sorcerer, as Georgi Soloviev did in the role of a jester, another Russian "improvement," since the original.

Improbable as it may seem, both this innovation, and the conducting of Gennadi Rozhdestvensky have been reviewed in this column previously, in a report on the Ballet Sovietique (from the Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko Theatre), which visited Paris in 1956. The jester then was Vladimir Tchiguiriev, the conductor the same 'Rojdiestvenski' (spelling *à la Française*). Possibly a conductor of Soviet ballet may be known by the company which keeps him, rather than the company he keeps. For the earlier experience was more flexible, less stolid. On the other hand, candor compels the admission that the second-night violin soloist was a marked improvement over his predecessor.

FOR the final novelty of its absorbing second season of American opera, the City Center provided the first performance anywhere of Hugo Weisgall's treatment of a libretto by Denis Johnston based on Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Though marked by few elements of easy popularity, there are qualities in it which may make it attractive for experimental groups: minimum requirements of scenery and costumes (it is, in effect, a "rehearsal" production), a humorous interplay of realism, and fantasy in the production well directed by William Ball.

The latter, of course, is concerned with the actual emotions of the "characters" and how they are transformed into "theatre" by the Director (expertly portrayed by Ernest McChesney). Weisgall's setting of the text contends, unsuccessfully, with the intricacies of his style, but now and again he works up to a rather affecting ensemble, as at the end of Act II, in which the "characters" despairingly disapprove of the glamorized version of their emotions portrayed in the staging. Paul Ukena was an excellent embodiment of the father, Adelaide Bishop of the step-daughter and Patricia Neway of the mother (among the "characters"), Beverly Sills, Regina Sarfaty and Grant Williams distinguishing themselves as the "actors." Sylvan Levin contributed strong leadership as conductor.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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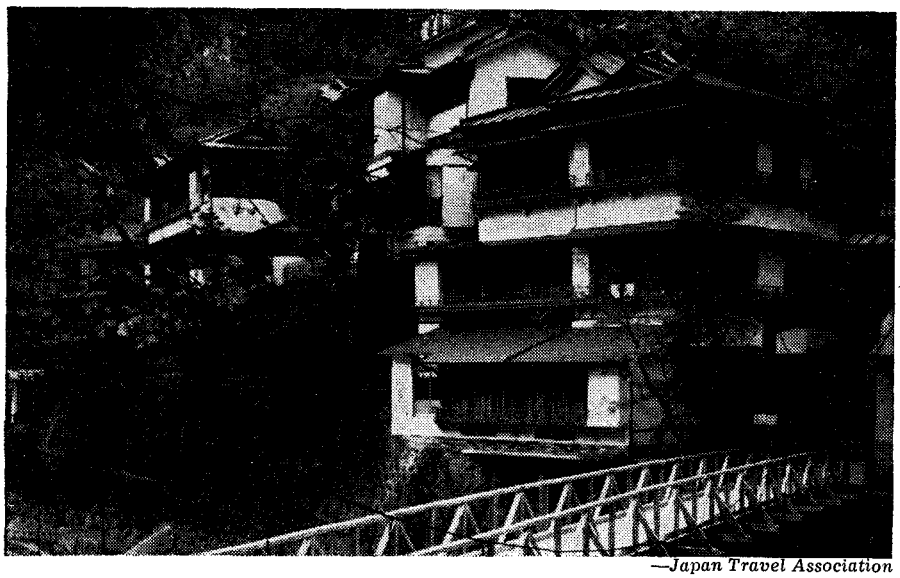
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

# Jet Trails Around the World—11: Springs Are Here



—Japan Travel Association

"A Bath of Eternal Youth and green orchids at the table."

ATAMI.

IF EVERYBODY isn't laved to a point of antisepsis by the time they are ready to leave the Hakone National Park, an hour and a half from Tokyo, it isn't the fault of the Fujiya Hotel. A venerable establishment, now in its eighty-first year, the Fujiya, with its cavernous interiors and its curving pagoda-like roof, looks like an Oriental burlesque of those large, economy-sized rustic hotels that store summer visitors in Yellowstone National Park. While our own national park hotels sometimes give me the feeling of being wholesome to the point of distraction—hikes, walks, nature trails, and pink-cheeked college waitresses—the Japanese notion is that first of all you had better be clean. Says a sign in the hotel: "Amusement Hall—Angel Swimming Pool—Perpetual Spring—Bath of Eternal Youth—TV Room."

The Angel Bath Indoor Pool, as it is more properly known, is decorated not with angels but with a mural of fishermen pulling in a laden net from the sea. As in the Dream Pool, one wears a bathing suit. While considerably smaller, the Dream Pool has murals of Mount Fujiyama and a seaside scene, both of which embrace an outcropping of rocks. Water cascades over the crags into the pool. Families and individuals may reserve such private washing rooms as the Roman Aquarium Bath (also known as the Gold Fish bath and very popular with children), the Mermaid Bath (two statues of mermaids and purple wash basin), and the Bath of Eternal Youth and Perpetual Spring in the Flower Palace (beach views on the walls).

The Flower Palace is a wing of rooms all named for flowers and it is commonplace in its corridors to encounter a directional sign with an arrow pointing the way to the suites known as Passion Flower, Trumpet Flower, Bush Clover, and Kerria Japonica. After a relaxing bath one may return to one's quarters in Trumpet Flower or Kerria Japonica, refreshed not only by the waters but by the knowledge that the medicinal properties of the spa are beneficial in cases of liver and digestive ailments, can be inhaled for the improvement of catarrhal conditions, and are just peachy for gargling the larynx. The hot spring water dispensed by the Fujiya is also a complexion beautifier and is called Taiko-yu because Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan who bore the title of Taiko, bathed here.

WHEN dining one can imbibe Fuji Water, a bottled potion also known as the Nippon Evian, whose label insists it is dandy for arterial sclerosis, constipation, hangover, stomach ulcers and "imperative for the health of drinkers." I suppose it smooths the digestive way for the Fujiya's dinners which, on the night we were there, consisted of fifteen different items including *hors d'oeuvres*, soup, fish, chicken, vegetables, and a roast followed by salads, desserts, cheeses and fruits. Any or all of this was available for about $2.50, served by white-clad waitresses under green orchid plants growing at the table.

Japanese food is also dispensed by the hotel in the house once used as a summer villa in the Thirties by Prince Takamatsu. Anyone who wishes to give up his Western quarters in the Flower Palace can sleep Japanese style on the floor of the former princely dwelling. Ceremonial tea will be served to any guest in need of such a tonic in a one-room tea house called the Reiju-an, alias Longevity Cottage.

In the back of the main house a waterfall splashes down through the pines, falling over the rocks into a pool full of golden carp each a foot long. The greenhouse in the gardens is the prize of the hotel and there is a tennis court and an outdoor swimming pool surrounded by green arbors. Five miles away, on the road to a niche in the mountains known, for reasons beyond me, as Long Tail Pass, is the eighteen-hole course, which has a twenty-two room annex built exclusively for golfers who don't like to sleep far from the green. The course, like all others in Japan, is equipped with girl caddies who are paid seventy-five cents for an eighteen-hole tour.

Swinging through Long Tail Pass and watching the horizon for the likes of an Oriental Earp, we came instead upon the magnificent expanse of Fujiyama, broad shouldered and snow crested, like a dowager bald eagle hulking on the horizon. Good fortune shines on those who view Mount Fuji, which frequently hides capriciously in the clouds. When it last erupted in 1707, six inches of ash rained on Tokyo, seventy-five miles to the northwest. Climbing Mount Fuji is a popular pastime in summer and the upward routes are marked by stages called *ichi-gome* (first stage), *ni-gome* (second stage), and so on until one has reached the tenth stage and the top. Saddle horses may be used between the fifth and the eighth stages. Coming down hill, one may practice *suna bashiri*, which means sand-running, or placing one's feet heavily in the cinders and sliding for ten feet with each step.

We left the car at the Fuji-View Hotel for a view of Fuji, but thereafter we worshipped all 12,395 feet of her from afar, running through the lake lands to the famed resort of Atami nestling on the shores of Sagami Bay. There are some 600 hotels in Atami, and despite the proximity of the Pacific, all of them are equipped with indoor baths, using the five and a quarter million gallons of water that gush daily from underground sources. Although hotel baths are usually reserved for families who bathe *ensemble*, there are several community baths where, for the

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equivalent of nine cents, members of the sexes meet and mingle clothed only by the steam that rises in great clouds from the heated water. The *maîtresse* of my *ménage* agreed to accompany me on a clothed and clinical visit to this establishment only after assuring herself that she could wear sunglasses so that the bathers wouldn't know when she was looking at *them*. The management waived the nine-cent entrance fee and we edged through the locker room, jammed with large unclothed women and small unclothed boys to the baths where, their heads in the steamy clouds, bathers bathed and others squatted on the tile, peering into clouded mirrors, shaving.

The beauty about coming to Atami is that one doesn't need a suitcase full of clothes. Each hotel supplies inner and outer wrappings of kimonos and wooden clogs for strolling downtown through the shops and the stalls that sell hot, steamed sweet bean jam cake, dried *ayu*, a fish like trout, dried seaweed, like saltwater taffy, in boxes decorated with pictures of lady divers, and pickled plums, an ingredient in making a Japanese wine. The outer kimonos are always supplied in the distinctive colors of the hotel which offers them, so observers can always determine who is staying where.

The anti-prostitution law which went into effect just one year ago seems to have had no more effect on Atami than the ban on gambling had on Miami Beach. Many of the old famous houses that once lined the river banks have become inns and restaurants, but to skirt the new law erstwhile "geishas" who plan to spend the night with a patron must return to the hotel in Western dress and hire a room.

As for the bona fide hotels, they are varied and many. Doubtless the most unusual is the Kan Ichi, which has a tower on top containing eight rooms revolving slowly so that all the occupants get the view of the Pacific in turn. One of the handsomest of the old established hotels is the Atami, which overlooks Sagami Bay and the mountains behind it, and offers pool swimming, a nine-hole golf course, and Western meals and service. Out across the harbor is Oshima Island, two hours by ship, a strange island of camellias and milk baths where all the girls wear blue polka dot kimonos and long hair, and outsiders come to commit suicide in the active volcano. Next door is the smaller island of Hatsushima where there are always fifty houses no more, no less. Only the eldest son of each family may remain and the younger children must leave. The community rule is the law and there is no crime and no police force.

We stayed the night in the Japanese inn called Tai Kan-So, high on a hilltop overlooking the sea. Our house was encased within sliding glass doors and cloaked with heavy drapes and then curtains of net. Around the outside of the room ran a narrow carpeted porch set with a small table and a pair of chairs. You sat there for breakfast that began with green tea and pickled salty plums coated with sugar. The sleeping and eating room was surrounded with six sliding doors, and another set of three sliding doors led to a dressing room with a mirror and vanity, both three feet high. Outside the dressing room you could slip into slippers and slide across to the Japanese or Western bathrooms, your choice. Behind a frosted glass door was the private bath, a long tiled deep bath with a step for sitting and alongside, a tiled floor and a choice of a steel basin and an oaken bucket. First you wash, then you soak, then you dress in kimono and have dinner.

Dinner, if you do it Japanese, is pickled soybean, slices of raw squid and bream, fish cakes with the fish roe on top, a fish custard with shrimps served in earthenware cups, and a giant tangerine for dessert. Later that night, after the tables had been cleared and the mats laid out on the floor for sleeping, a masseuse came to the door and snapped out the kinks and smoothed the muscles. Price for unkinking two parties: six bits.

The morning broke bright and blue, and after the pickled plums served on the porch while the beds were removed, there came a procession of white fish paste, sliced; a bowl of soy bean cake that tasted not unlike sweet sponge; followed by rice and one lone and wizened *aji*, a fish served split and dried on a green leaf with a red cherry alongside. Then we paid the bill and the waitresses bowed till their foreheads touched the *tatami* mats. We padded across the room, slid open the doors, crossed the dressing room, slid open more doors, slipped into the slippers, and skidded to the threshold. There we scooped up a pair of wooden clogs and hobbled over the flagstones under the great leaning pine trees that framed the Pacific, to the main gate where we found our long-lost shoes. Shod at last, we boarded the morning semi-express for Tokyo, sixty miles away, only now and then tasting the salted pickled plums. Sun streaked through the windows of the semi-express, and soon the panes were filled with the great bulk of Fuji-san sitting on the horizon, snow-mantled and clear. We leaned forward with the other passengers for a better look and like them we felt sure now that it was an omen of a day that would unfold with great good fortune for all of us who had beheld her. —HORACE SUTTON.

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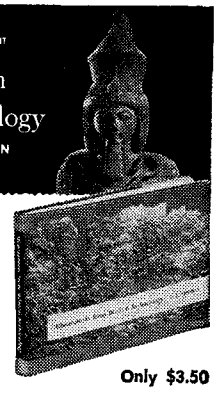

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# Fiction

*Continued from page 19*

come from an island some 9,000 miles from Europe, where all authorities would agree it was impossible that a Magdalenian culture should exist. And Sam, who has obtained the flints from an airman once forced down on this island, has its location pinpointed.

Pennycuick, going into excited action, phones John Lynd, Paleolithic specialist, who arrives on the run with Dr. Alice Cutter, an anthropologist. Lynd is a scientific machine. Dr. Alice, a charming thirty-eight, is equipped to view primitive sexual customs in the light of comparative knowledge. Lynd and Dr. Cutter confirm the importance of Sam's flints. Verification is essential. They organize an expedition. They sail together. And they find the island.

They find much more. Lynd learns that life eludes the grasp of science. Dr. Alice is a rapt participant in an ancient fertility rite. The professor comes alive again. Sam enjoys being the *primum mobile*.

But their great find is a race of people who have spent thousands of years in cultivating their psyche, instead of sacrificing to the Moloch of Progress and becoming slaves of their own machines. The men and women of Uskadak—true name of Providence Island—have preserved the hunting culture, religion, and art that flourished at the end of the last glacial period; but they have used the centuries since then to perfect and magnify their mental powers, to preserve beauty and banish ugliness, to keep their religion and their art vividly alive, and to seal off their island paradise from alien intrusion. The Europeans go to school with them; and when intrusion threatens in the most hideous of forms, European guile and Uskadak psychic power combine to repel the invader.

Here then is light and delightful reading—and a serious sermon for our times.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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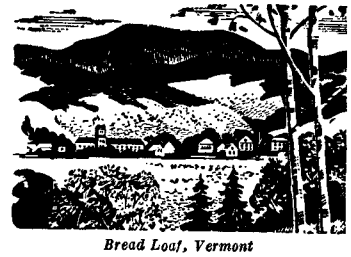

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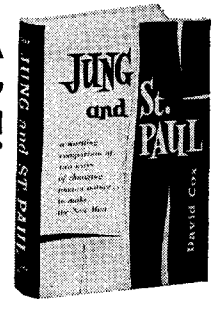


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# Queen of the Reform Platform

***"Ernestine Rose and the Battle for Human Rights," by Yuri Suhl** (Reynal. 310 pp. $5.75), depicts a Polish immigrant's fight in the nineteenth century for a society free from injustice, oppression, and poverty. Not surprisingly, among the people she toiled with was the subject of Alma Lutz's recent biography, "Susan B. Anthony: Rebel, Crusader, Humanitarian."*

By Alma Lutz

IN THIS age of conformity, when interest in causes is out of fashion, it is refreshing and inspiring to encounter the enthusiasm and ideals of the nineteenth-century reformers, courageous, independent men and women who spoke out for social reform, hopeful that they could build a better world. Their story has been told by Yuri Suhl, featuring Ernestine Rose, the beautiful, eloquent Polish Jewess who came to America in 1836. Her European background and experiences gave her an appreciation of what the free institutions of America could mean to the world, and fearlessly she pointed the way from the lecture platform at a time when public speaking for women was taboo. "A kind of Thomas Paine among her sisterhood," Theodore Tilton described her.

Born in the ghetto of Piotrkow, Poland, on January 13, 1810, the daughter of a learned rabbi, Ernestine Louise Potowski came face to face early in life with persecution and injustice. Her alert mind craved learning, unthought of for girls. She studied the Scriptures in the original Hebrew. At five she was a rebel, asking her father disturbing questions about religion and expressing opinions at variance with his answers. She was a heretic at fourteen, protesting against the daily prayer of the men: "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast not created me a woman." Instinctively she rejected the idea that woman was inferior to man.

Leaving home when she was seventeen to avoid a marriage arranged for her, she went alone to Berlin, and then to England, stopping over in Holland, Belgium, and Paris. In London, she met Robert Owen, the foremost social reformer of the day, who became her good friend and whose views and social experiments set her course. Among his followers was a young jeweler and silversmith, William Rose, whose ideas were congenial. They were married and sailed for America in 1836.

Ernestine Rose found the bright promise of America marred not only by Negro slavery but by low wages and the exploitation of workers. Lecturing first in New York and then farther afield in Ohio and Michigan, this attractive young woman with an appealing foreign accent drew interested audiences as she called for a society free from injustice, oppression, and poverty, and urged emancipation for the Negro, freedom of religion, equal rights for women, and free public education. She never charged for her lectures, always thinking of herself as "a volunteer soldier for truth." Eloquent, clear, logical, and witty, she was soon known as the Queen of the Platform and the Rose of America. An ultra-liberal in religion, she was always in the vanguard of the unorthodox and free thinkers, derided by the clergy and the press as infidels. "Emancipation from every kind of bondage is my principle," she declared. "I go for the recognition of human rights without distinction of sect, party, sex, or color."

ALTHOUGH she was the first woman to circulate petitions for Judge Hertell's Married Woman's Property Bill in New York, she did not attend the First Woman's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. Why we do not know, but she regarded its Declaration of Sentiments "no less great, noble, and important, than the first honorable Declaration of Independence . . . even more farsighted and sublime." She spoke at the First National Woman's Rights Convention in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1850, and from then on was a featured speaker at woman's rights conventions.

Susan B. Anthony found a kindred spirit and loyal helper in Ernestine Rose, working effectively with her in spite of critics who warned that Ernestine's heresy would injure the movement. "Keep a warm place for me with the American people," Ernestine, who loved America, wrote Susan B. Anthony from England in 1876. This Yuri Suhl has tried to do. Handicapped by lack of letters, diaries, personal memoirs, and family papers, he has been obliged to fill in with historical background and perhaps too many conventions. Nevertheless Ernestine Rose comes to life.

# The Gall of Rome

***"King of Pontus: The Life of Mithradates Eupator," by Alfred Duggan** (Coward-McCann. 208 pp. $3.95), tells how a composite Grecian gentleman-Persian tyrant defied first-century Rome. The most recent book by Lionel Casson, acting head of the Department of Classics of New York University, is "The Ancient Mariners."*

By Lionel Casson

"THERE had been a time when he waged war against Rome at the head of the united forces of Greece and Asia; he had continued the struggle as leader of the mountaineers of Pontus; he had been driven from the land of his ancestors, and then had returned in triumph . . .; for twenty-five years he had been the implacable enemy of Rome." Such, in Alfred Duggan's words, had been the career of Mithradates Eupator up to the moment he faced his death before a palace in the Crimea in 63 B.C.

Between 200 and 100 B.C. the Roman Republic had become more and more involved in the politics of the states of Asia Minor, somewhat in the way the United States has in those of South America. Though its legions did not at first take over the area, its businessmen flooded into it and its diplomats called the tune for the lo-

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cal governments. These covered the political spectrum from democratic Greek cities in the West to oriental despotisms in the East, but they had one thing in common: their loathing of the Roman gringos. Yet there was little they could do about the situation and, as years passed and the legionaries eventually followed the businessmen, even diehards gave up hope of ever getting rid of the intruders. And then came Mithradates.

He ruled a relatively obscure little country on the southeast shore of the Black Sea, was no military genius, had no political ideal to offer, led no crusade, but for two and a half decades the "Mithradates Situation" was to Rome what the "Algerian Situation" is to France today, perhaps even more serious. Two factors account for this: the ubiquitous hatred of Rome, and Mithradates's own unbelievable reserves of courage, resilience, and stubbornness; he was often down, but never out.

Alfred Duggan, who already has to his credit a number of fine books both fiction and nonfiction about the ancient world, tells the story of this indomitable intriguer and fighter with the lucidity, understanding, and spirit that are the hallmark of his biographies. He can't fashion a living portrait of the man; too little is known about him for that. But his narrative of the king's lifelong struggle steadily increases in momentum, tenseness, and pathos, and rises to a climax as melodramatic as any ever seen on the stage. When Duggan tells how the sixty-six-year-old king, at bay with a precipitous gorge at his back and Pompey's veterans pounding through the gates of his camp in front, drove his horse headlong down a sheer slope and made it safely away (with, incidentally, a hard-riding concubine racing alongside him), you feel an urge to cheer out loud. And the last act, in which the old king leads, like a second Hannibal, a march through the forbidding passes of the Caucasus to take over a kingdom in South Russia, is a perfect finale.

Mithradates is not a romantic figure—he was a Persian despot who could coolly execute his own sons or arrange the massacre of tens of thousands of Italians—and Duggan makes no attempt to show him as such. What he emphasizes is the man's growth: in his forties he was a wily intriguer who sent huge mediocre mercenary armies out to fight for him; in his sixties he rode into battle himself at the head of a small, superbly trained body of devoted followers.

Although Duggan creates no hero of Mithradates, he does make a villain of Rome, whose plundering armies and rapacious governors he portrays


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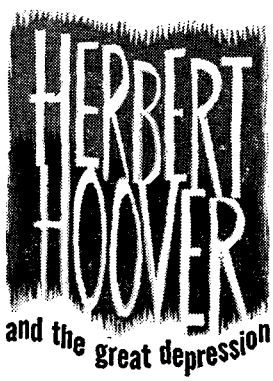


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as having blighted Asia Minor forever. Yet the Roman Republic was little worse than the governments it replaced (and whether it did good or ill the reaction was always the same: Romans go home), while the empire that Augustus founded gave the area centuries of peace, restored it to prosperity, and eventually bestowed on its people full Roman citizenship—something which no conqueror had ever done before or was to do after.

But such matters are minor. Duggan's biography of this remarkable king is the first in English—and it is a good one.


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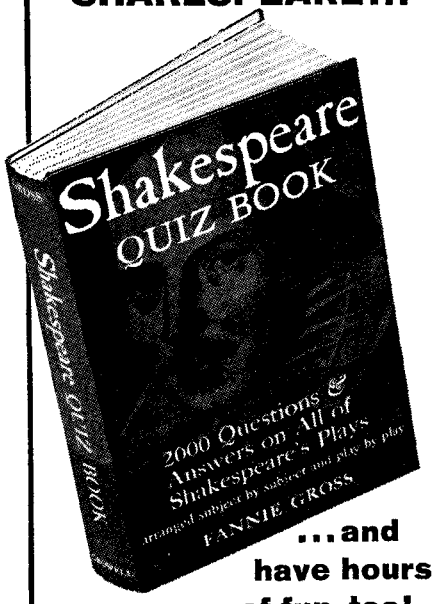


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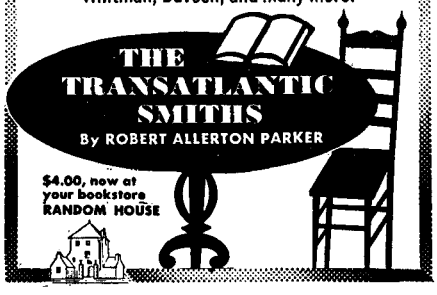



# Top-Level Reportage

***"Before I Forget," by Isaac F. Marcosson** (Dodd, Mead. 587 pp. $6), reveals the trade secrets of a journalist who for three decades interviewed the world's great for* The Saturday Evening Post. *Vincent Sheean, who has had no little experience along that line himself, tenders his compliments.*

By Vincent Sheean

MR. MARCOSSON at eighty-three has an immense span of journalistic activity to recall. His first ventures outside his native Louisville were in 1898 on an assignment in Washington for McClure's Syndicate, and he retired from active service in 1938 after more than three decades with *The Saturday Evening Post.* During this period he dealt with a wide range of material but most distinctively with interviews. His reputation as an interviewer overshadowed the rest of his achievement even from early days, because he seems to have possessed the very special quality of conciliating difficult, irascible men of power and position.

There are good reasons for this, and one element of interest in his interesting book is the tale of how he did it—the technique of approach and conquest. He was, of course, pertinacious, but he also seems to have thought out his opening gambits with unusual skill. His first triumphs were with the Wall Street potentates of about 1907—E. H. Harriman, Thomas Fortune Ryan, and others who had never been interviewed. With each of them he made his opening thrust on a weak spot and thus put them in the posture of defense, of explaining away some popular misconception or dispelling a calumny. Once this had been accomplished, Mr. Marcosson frequently found the strong and hitherto silent men turning into Niagaras of talk, with results that helped make the fortune of *The Saturday Evening Post* and its very great editor, George Horace Lorimer.

Men in public life, government, and politics, were the next to succumb, and from Theodore Roosevelt onward he knew more or less all of them in the United States, England, France, Germany, and Italy. As he grew older his interviews turned into a form of collaboration between the reporter and the reported. That is, he never committed indiscretions which would destroy his entree to the great, and they learned to trust him. Some of them became his friends: Lloyd George, for example, who at the peak of his world influence gave Mr. Marcosson letters of introduction "to whom it may concern." Our writer himself says that if he had ever told Lloyd George, Clemenceau, or Woodrow Wilson what each said about the other he'd have seen them no more.

The parade of famous personalities through these pages seems almost endless, and if one reads the book too continuously they become a little oppressive. It is a case in which one might recommend browsing as an aid to appreciation. Furthermore, it should also be noted that Mr. Marcosson seldom has anything unexpected to say about his princes and potentates. He is at his most vivid with the characters he knew best—Lloyd George, Northcliffe, and others of that period—and wherever he can use broad strokes of descriptive narrative the men come to life. The passages where he reflects upon the meaning of his own narrative are not many and come mostly at the chapter endings, like a sort of colophon. Here one feels an invincible conventionality, a much-used stamp. The chances are that if penetration and subtlety of perception had been part of Mr. Marcosson's technique in interviewing he would have been less successful at it, or at any rate less welcome in the halls of the mighty.

The book is written not from notes but chiefly from memory as aided by the files of his articles in *The Saturday Evening Post.* It has a monumental quality in spite of some pretty humdrum writing; that is, it has bigness and toughness, a readiness for all weathers, in keeping with the monumental career that produced it.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 829

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 829 will be found in the next issue.*

QCDBQFLDQL: PD FDDLH

MCFQL WGPW

NPHDB SB BCTLRCOX

FB VCCAFDZ.

—TLDQALD.

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*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 828*

Fame is a fickle food upon a shifting plate.

—EMILY DICKINSON.

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# The Serious Songs of India

***"Green and Gold," edited by Humayun Kabir;*** *translated by Tarasankar B. P. Mitra (New Directions. 288 pp. $4.50), is an anthology of contemporary Bengalese short stories and poetry. Rosanne T. K. Archer, who discusses the collection, has lived and traveled extensively in India.*

By Rosanne T. K. Archer

THERE should be a law against India. One country should not be allowed to be so full of surprises, so steeped in tradition, and so fruitfully young, so alert, and so unique. Moreover, it is utterly unfair to categorizers for each corner of India to offer its own face with so much individuality and variety. What can we do when we cannot pigeonhole?

Here, for example, is "Green and Gold," an intriguing anthology of contemporary Bengali writing. It is the first volume in a series of translations designed to offer the international public a sampling of what is being done in India's many major languages. And it ranges from the delicate lines of a theological myth to a thundering saber-rattle against capitalist exploitation which could have come from our own social protesters of the 1930s.

Most of the writers represented here are established and experienced craftsmen, in their forties or early fifties. They are, however, young enough to represent recent trends and development, and to be out of the long shadows cast by the dominating figure of Rabindranath Tagore. While many of them are also well known as novelists, playwrights, and critics, this volume presents only their short stories and poetry. None of it is fragmentary.

Bengali writers led India in exploring Western ideas and techniques and assimilating them into their own old-established traditions. The short stories in this collection are distinctly Indian, yet the influence of de Maupassant, Chekhov, and Freud, among others, is clearly present. The old storytelling tradition is in the background; these stories move; they are not vignettes. Character is to the fore. Certain themes recur, peculiar to contemporary Indian life. There is the struggle between moral values and the need to survive in a desperately changed, crowded, industrializing metropolis; the tragedy of Indian women, torn between the traditions they live by and the demands of new emancipation; conflicts of caste and feeling; and the terrible necessity to avoid starvation.

Most of the stories have a lyric quality, one of the hallmarks of Bengali writing. There is a certain consciousness, a constant passion, for sky, land, water, and fields, for sun and rain. A delicate compassion for existence is perhaps the one most universal quality that is shared in this widely varied group of Bengali writers.

Unfortunately, some of their variety is obscured by editing and translation. The editor, Humayun Kabir, is himself a distinguished author, poet, and educator, and it may be temerity to cavil with his taste. Still, one could wish for greater variety of tone. Most of the stories are thoughtful and serious; many are sad. Was there no room for comedy, for joy, for cold tragedy, or are we to presume that little was available?

The translations are clear, fluent, and idiomatic, but also undistinguished and, alas, indistinguishable. They rarely catch an individual flavor; the result is a certain monochrome style. Obviously, this does not exist in the original. An illuminating introduction and an excellent set of notes on the authors indicate that they have, in Bengali, notable individuality. One hopes that future translations will transmit their individual styles.

MOST of the poetry is in the great lyric tradition of Bengal and, although much of the essential music is lost in translation, one can still glimpse the grace, the passion, and the gleam that existed in the original verse.

How frustrating, though, to have such a brief snapshot glance at these new vistas. Such excellences should not be left unavailable to us, but one has a chill feeling that they may remain so, to our loss. At least we can look forward eagerly to the rest of this series.

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# Those Who Mine the Mind's Ordeal

***"The New Literature," by Claude Mauriac;*** *translated by Samuel I. Stone (Braziller. 251 pp. $4), is a leading French critic's study of a particular genre in modern writing, from Kafka to Camus. Germaine Brée, who is now Visiting Professor of French at Wellesley College, is the author of the recently published "Camus."*

By Germaine Brée

"A-POETRY," "a-novels," "anti-theatre"—writers in the Fifties in France coined these convenient labels whereby they might return in all good conscience and uncommitted to the pleasures of writing what could not conceivably be castigated as "literature." For since the surrealists —and even before them—literature as such has been suspect among the literate and denounced as a creator of false paradises and refuges, an alibi. Borrowing from this vocabulary, Claude Mauriac entitled his collection of essays "A-literature." "New literature" is perhaps the best that could be done by way of translation, but it is slightly misleading: Kafka, Henry Miller, Camus, and Simenon can hardly be called "new," and although many of the seventeen writers of whom Mauriac speaks may be "new" to the reading public, some, like Artaud or Leiris, began to write in the Twenties and cannot be considered "new" in the same sense as the last two writers with whom Mauriac deals, the novelists Robbe-Grillet and Sarraute, who started to write in the Fifties.

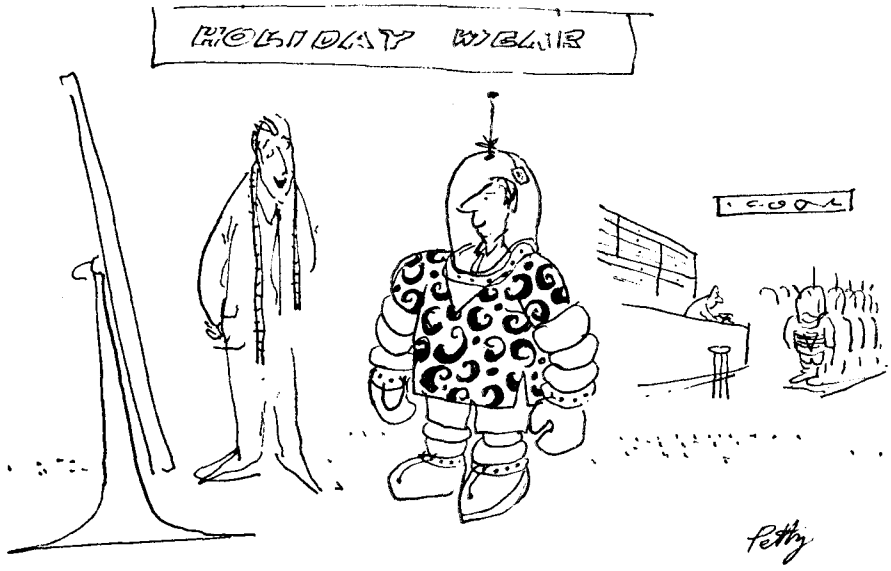
"A-literature," in Mauriac's words, is that part of writing "which seeks to transmit the inexpressible by means of literature, but as far as possible without literature." And this often desperate attempt is what interests Mauriac himself in the works of the writers he treats. His point of view is that of a very literate but not particularly erudite reader. Essentially subjective, it is this point of view which creates a link among the rather heterogeneous though never dull essays he has assembled. It also accounts for some of the limitations of his approach, in particular where conscious stylists like Camus or Caillois are concerned. Very timely and valuable is Mauriac's interest in Caillois and other little-known contemporary French essayists of some importance—Bataille, Weidlé, the biologist Jean Rostand, Barthes, Mascolo, and Cioran—though, with the exception perhaps of Bataille and Cioran, the chapters he devotes to them can only by a sleight of hand, a deft one certainly, fit into the framework of "A-literature," a fact which no reader will deplore.

For Mauriac is a sensitive and very perceptive writer who is in search of some of the "key words of modern mythology." In this connection the essays of Kafka, Artaud, Leiris, and Beckett are particularly illuminating. Mauriac traces in these writers the "roots of anxiety," "the anxiety of living," the "fear of life," "the preoccupation with death," and "the folly of existence" which so permeate our modern sensibility. When the reader moves to the group of essayists, he soon senses that he is engaged in a dialogue, and this adds to the significance of Mauriac's book. Mauriac enters into different climates of thought with a sympathetic understanding, seeking his own way, marking his own positions, involved—though with a gentle moderation lacking in many of his interlocutors—in that "ordeal of the mind" at odds with the world, which in his eyes characterizes our time.

His rapid and crystal-clear style is generally preserved in the translation, though one does occasionally trip up against somewhat bewildering sentences transliterated rather than translated or an occasional Gallicism ("piece" instead of play, or again a "nation of solitaries" instead of solitary people). And the reader may lose some typically French allusions: to a line in a well-known poem by Verlaine, "And all the rest is literature," for example.

Because he himself is so familiar with the background of thought and experience in which this particular trend of literature has its source, and yet sees it in a broader perspective, Mr. Mauriac is an excellent guide and initiator.

A. Robbe-Grillet (top) and Nathalie Sarraute—"A-writers" in the Fifties of France.

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*(Continued on page 34)*

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# SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

—From "The Blackbird in the Lilac."

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RECENTLY librarians and other book-interested people celebrated the second National Library Week—a highly successful period when the public were made aware of the great variety of services available to them from their libraries. Like other national "weeks," this one was designed as a reminder and a stimulus to year-round library use. Libraries serving youth welcome them at all times. The new spring books, some of which are reviewed on the following pages, are being added to collections in school libraries and children's and young-adult rooms of public libraries for home borrowing. They are also in bookstores for purchase as part of the personal library that every child should have, though it contain only a few books.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children Services, The New York Public Library.*

## The Tears, the Smiles Are the Same

By JANE SCOTT McCLURE, *Coordinator, Work with Young Adults, Free Library of Philadelphia.*

> Today in Asia . . . the Asian peoples reach out to us for reassurance and understanding. . . . Has any nation ever faced so great a test as ours? . . . It may be that no nation, no matter how wise or how good, can meet such a challenge. . . . History only asks that we try our best. Above all, that we act in faith, not fear.
>
> —*"Ambassador's Report," by Chester Bowles (Harper, 1954).*

IN FAITH that the young people of America will succeed in meeting this challenge, the Young Adult Services Division of the American Library Association last year embarked upon a reading project to help our young Americans in this task. The project is called "Richer by Asia."

In spite of the dire predictions of Kipling, East and West are meeting all across America. These meetings are taking place not only in the schools and public libraries of the small towns and large cities of our country but in any spot where a young adult curls up with a good book about Asia. For it is through the world of books that our young people are learning that the Hirokos of Tokyo and the Yong Tus of Seoul are not very different from the girl or boy next door. They are learning that in spite of the contrast in culture, costume, and custom there are certain emotions which each man has in common with his fellow-man and that, deep down within, people are very much the same no matter where in the world they live.

Cynthia Bowles states it succinctly in "At Home in India" (Harcourt, Brace) when she says:

> Are there not certain universal values and emotions which are common to us all? Is there not a great basic similarity that far outweighs the differences between the peoples of the world?

In another memoir we read:

> At exactly five minutes after two I would be seated in front of the Bechstein, running my unsteady fingers over the ivory keyboard while [Fraülein Roggendorff] would stand beside me . . . beating time with her deep, hollow voice. *Ein, zwei, drei* . . .

The constant urging to keep the correct time, to watch the fingering —was there ever a piano lesson given anywhere in the world that did not have this accompaniment? The clock ticks on the mantelpiece and outside the other girls are playing.

At a casual glance the scene might be in a German drawing room, but

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this pupil has no golden braids. She is little black-haired Reiko Hatsumi of Tokyo, author of "Rain and the Feast of the Stars" (Houghton Mifflin). Her account of a childhood in Japan, of Fraülein Roggendorff and the music lessons, of happy years in the convent school of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and then of the unhappy period that followed in the Japanese school, makes a story of great charm and delicacy.

The basic similarity of which Miss Bowles speaks is found not only in these ordinary experiences of schooling, and playing and growing up. Reiko's maturity is achieved in a way unique to her and yet com-

*—From "Land of Foam."*

mon to many schoolgirls, Asian or American.

The extraordinary aspects of life, the moments of love and fear and pain, also bind us in a common fellowship. American girls can recognize without any difficulty that love is a universal bridge trod by many feet, some in shoes, some in sandals, and some that are bare.

In "Bridge to the Sun" (University of North Carolina Press) Gwen Terasaki tells of a love that bridged two worlds. Gwen Harold was twenty-three when she met and married young Hidenari Terasaki of the Japanese Embassy. Tensions between Japan and the United States were growing and when war finally did come, Gwen chose to share her husband's fate and returned with him to Japan. With great compassion Mrs. Terasaki tells of the hunger, the fear of the bombing, in fact all of the problems which, during war, afflict both sides—conquered and conqueror.

In spite of the fact that she was an enemy alien she found only courtesy and kindness among the Japanese. Caught between two worlds, Mrs. Terasaki saw the real meaning of what statesmen call "international understanding."

Her hatred of all war, and of its brutalizing effect on human beings, is shared by Agnes Newton Keith, whose "Three Came Home" (Little, Brown) described the mixed horror and pathos of a Japanese concentration camp.

Most American girls will automatically sympathize with Amrita Chakravarty of India, who decides for herself that mother does not always know best. This light love story of a young rebel with a decided cause—to choose her own husband—is reminiscent of the English comedy of manners so deftly portrayed in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." The clash of old-fashioned protocol and modern romance makes "Amrita" (Norton) a definite choice for the American girl of today.

Sometimes the steps on the universal bridge falter, and Pearl Buck's "Hidden Flower" (John Day) poignantly describes the fate of a young Japanese girl, Josui, married to an American soldier. This modern "Madame Butterfly" does not linger in Japan but bravely tries to conquer her husband's world. A stranger in an alien land, Josui cannot share her husband's love for his family and home, and young Allen fails to break with his past. Separate paths are their answer in this touching love story.

THERE is another force that binds the peoples of the world together. Many are those who have learned by experience what physical anguish can mean. They are citizens of a common state, bound together in the fellowship of pain.

Young Dr. Thomas Dooley, because of his profession, found entrance into this fellowship. In "Edge of Tomorrow" (Farrar, Straus) he describes the work of a medical team of six young Americans, who, under the auspices of the International Rescue Committee, built a bamboo hospital in a remote northern province of Laos to help the disease-ravaged people. Dr. Dooley believes that all men are brothers and that those who are free have a duty to help others in their battles with pain. The tears of thankfulness, the smiles of joy are the same all around the world.

While on duty as a Navy doctor in Viet Nam, Dr. Dooley had seen the power of medical aid to bind man to man. Therefore he was not content to remain at home after his Navy discharge. Robert Frost's lines

> The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
> But I have promises to keep,
> And miles to go before I sleep.

kept echoing in his mind. Dr. Dooley knew that the promises he would have to keep would take him "back to Southeast Asia, to the very edge of tomorrow, where the future might be made—or lost."

Another citizen in the international fellowship of pain is India's Ved Mehta, the young blind student, author of "Face to Face" (Little, Brown), who saw America through the voices of her people. This book is an excellent companion piece to Cynthia Bowles's "At Home in India" (Harcourt, Brace) as the Asian and the American both discover that the darkness of the unknown can be illuminated through sympathy and mutual trust.

Miss Bowles found that the similarities of people outweighed the differences. Like Arthur Goodfriend, she learned the magic of understanding people at their own level, by living with them at the grass roots. It is not at the grass roots, but rather at the "Rice Roots" (Simon & Schuster) that the Goodfriend family lived in Indonesia. Goodfriend's little daughter Jill was taught the "Srimpi" dance of Java by a factory worker. The man and the child knew no barriers.

At the beginning of the lesson her teacher said:

> Now kneel. Ask the earth for strength. Raise your hands before your face. Honor God, and honor yourself as a human being. Bring together the tips of your fingers. The thumb is God, the little finger is the people. There can be harmony only when God and the people meet.

It was not only a dancing lesson. Jill learned very early that harmony comes when people meet as people. Her father's book and those that have been discussed can teach that same lesson to other Jills.

## FOR YOUNG ADULTS

**LAND OF FOAM.** *By Ivan Yefremov. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50. Pandion, a young sculptor of ancient Greece, sailed away to study the art of Crete, expecting to return in a short time to continue his career and to marry the beautiful Thessa. But many years passed and in that time he was captured and taken to Egypt, where he became a slave of Pharaoh. With the help of two friends—one an African, the other an Etruscan—Pandion finally escaped after years of suffering. The three traveled deep into Africa, then slowly back to the Mediterranean and home. Near the end of the long and hazardous journey the young Greek sculptor found the secret of his art and carved a beautiful cameo showing the three friends on a stone the color of the sea.

This is a book of epic proportions,

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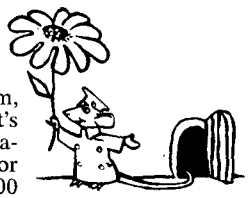
## NORMAN THE DOORMAN



*Story and Pictures by DON FREEMAN*

A mouse, doorman of a hole in an art museum, makes mobiles in his studio—a renovated knight's helmet. An unusual creation leads to the realization of his greatest dream. Enchanting full-color drawings. Ages 4 to 7 $3.00

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A tale of a torpid tapir who made up her mind to GET UP, but decided at day's end that tomorrow would be soon enough! For adults' delight as well as ages 4 to 7. $2.00

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*Story and Pictures by KURT WIESE*

Sick and tired of the fuss every second of February, Mr. Groundhog sold his shadow, with nearly disastrous results! Wonderfully funny pictures in color. Ages 4 to 7 $2.25

## BAMBINO GOES HOME

*Story and Pictures by GEORGES SCHREIBER*

In a little Italian town Bambino the clown shows an American boy who is uneasy about being "foreign," and unable to speak the native language, that children understand *circus* and *candy* everywhere. In glowing color. Ages 6 to 9 $3.00

## THE LONG-NOSED PRINCESS

*By PRISCILLA HALLOWELL*
*Illustrated by Rita Fava*

Even the birds who perched on her nose loved Felicity, but it was a long time before she found her prince and lived "happily ever after and all that rot," as her father had predicted. A merry spoof on fairy tales. Ages 6 to 9 $2.00

## THE TENEMENT TREE

*Written and Illustrated by KATE SEREDY*

Tino's imagination created wonderful images from drab surroundings; but Papa disapproved of these fancies, until he finally realized that Tino had a precious gift. Exquisite full-page drawings. Ages 7 to 10 $3.00

## A SANTO FOR PASQUALITA

*By ANN NOLAN CLARK*
*Illustrated by Mary Villarejo*

A prose-poem about a little orphan girl who finds a home. Her joy knows no bounds when, at long last, she is given a carving of her very own patron saint. Ages 7 to 10 $2.75

## CAPTAIN GHOST

*By THELMA HARRINGTON BELL*
*Illustrated by Corydon Bell*

A recluse who lives in a strange old house helps three delightful children turn a fallen tree into a make-believe ship and to solve an exciting real mystery. Ages 9 to 12 $2.75

## THEY LIKE YOU BETTER

*By JAMES GARFIELD*
*Illustrated by Robert Greiner*

When a homeless boy is adopted by the kindly but no-nonsense owner of a pet shop, he finds that people as well as animals "like you better when you're not afraid." Ages 9 to 12 $2.75

## ONE TO MAKE READY

*By ELSPETH BRAGDON*
*Illustrated by Lilian Obligado*

Minta, of Cranberry Cove, Maine, rebels about going "away" for further schooling, but an eventful summer convinces her that life holds "wonderful good things." Ages 10 to 13 $2.75

## AN EDGE OF THE FOREST

*By AGNES SMITH*
*Illustrated by Roberta Moynihan*

A deeply moving story of how love of a lamb, who had been driven into the forest, changed the lives of all the wild creatures and the people who owned her. Ages 11 to 15 $3.00

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which realistically portrays various ancient civilizations through the harrowing experiences of a sensitive young Greek in his fight for freedom. It will make a deep impression on young people. Highly recommended. Translated from the Russian.

—MILDRED R. PHIPPS.

**THE BLACK SYMBOL.** *By Annabel and Edgar Johnson. Harper.* $2.75. Young people will be held spellbound by this exciting, appealing story about Barney Morgan's struggle for his own freedom and an understanding of truth. This boy's dangerous search for his father in mining camps around Virginia City, his miserable existence as an employee in Dr. Cathcart's traveling Miracle Show, his contacts with Steve, the blind, strong man of the show, are highlight incidents of the story.

"The Black Symbol" is not only a milestone in good reading, but a worthy tool in character building as well, showing right versus wrong, kindness versus cruelty, reward for the just, punishment for the unjust.

—LUCILE W. RALEY.

**STORMY.** *By Jim Kjelgaard. Holiday House.* $2.95. Self-pity is not a quality of the hero of Jim Kjelgaard's latest story of "boy meets dog." When his father must serve a prison term because of having injured a neighbor in a fight, Allan carries on alone in the sportsman's paradise where they live, augmenting his small store of money by fishing, hunting, and trapping. Some of his loneliness is lightened by the coming of an outlaw dog who has been treated cruelly. To this beloved theme, the author brings the same skill in depicting outdoor life found in "Big Red" and "Lion Hound."

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

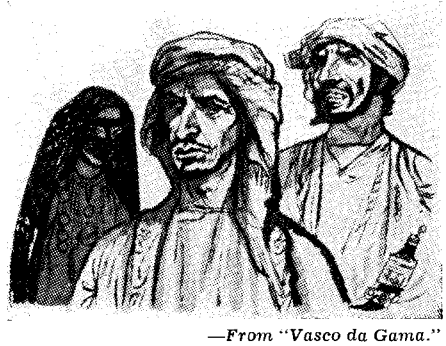
**THE LONG WAY HOME.** *By Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. In a way, this story is a love letter to America. It begins in Thuringen—now in Germany's East Zone—when Chris, a sick and nearly dying child, is left on the doorstep of an old schoolmistress, and ends on a ranch in California when he is fourteen years old and has become one of a happy and united American family. The author successfully captures the feelings of the exile who longs for his native country yet makes the new land his own. She sees the United States and its people fresh, through the eyes of a European. The characterization is excellent. The German schoolmistress is especially memorable, and Allan's love of animals makes him kin to Margaret in "The Ark" and "Rowan Farm." Some of the minor characters in this book were met in these earlier books and in "Castle on the Border."

—A. O'B. M.

**THE FACE IN THE STONE.** *By Elsie Reif Ziegler. Decorations by Ray Abel. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. Young Dushan, a Serbian stonecutter, comes to Chicago in the late 1800s to avenge his father's death. He learns a good deal about American life and working conditions and falls in love with a beautiful immigrant girl. Dushan's romance with Marinka and the mystery surrounding his father's death tighten the plot, but the true importance of the story lies in its dramatization of an immigrant group's contribution to the development of America. Addressed to the younger teen-agers, the book is full of details on Serbian family life, mirroring the clash between old- and new-country customs.

—ESTHER J. WALLS.

**HOW WIDE THE HEART.** *By Elisabeth Ogilvie. Whittlesey House.* $3. During the summer following high-school graduation Ellen returns to her island home off the coast of Maine. A proposal from Joey, her solid childhood friend, forces her to choose between life as a wife of an island lobsterman and a Boston art school and career. The decision is made more difficult by the presence of a mysterious summer guest to whom Ellen is attracted.



*—From "Vasco da Gama."*

Miss Ogilvie's introduction of adult situations pushes this beyond the level of the usual light girl's story. The rugged backdrop of the New England island, the romance, and a wise sensible teen-ager pitted against lifelike problems make this a provocative story for the older girl.

—E. J. W.

**JENNIFER.** *By Zoa Sherburne. Morrow.* $2.95. Jennifer's family had recently moved from the East to the State of Washington. Her father had requested a transfer so that her mother, an alcoholic, might make a fresh start. There is love and affection within the family group, but Jennifer's adjustments to her new surroundings and to her high-school classmates are affected by the fear that her mother will succumb again to dipsomania. There is nothing sensational or overly dramatic about this story. It is rather a simple tale of a teen-ager coming to understand herself and gaining insight into her mother's problem.

—NANCY JANE DAY.

**LIFE IS A JOURNEY.** *By Gertrude E. Finney. Longmans, Green.* $3.50. "Life is a journey . . . and the enjoyment and blessings we have are the little inns on the roadside where we stop for a moment . . .," philosophized Rebecca Simonds as she completed preparations for the summer move to their home on the lake. It was to be a wonderful vacation with the whole family together for the first time since Stanley, her older son, had escaped from a prison camp in Korea. This stopover on life's journey, however, became an inn infested with disaster and grief and invaded by a strange, troubled young girl. Miss Finney's is an above-average "transitional" novel for teen-agers who want something more than just another girls' story.

—ELAINE SIMPSON.

**BLUEPRINT FOR TEEN-AGE LIVING.** *By William C. Menninger and others. Sterling.* $2.95. This book presents serious but not condescending or "preachy" advice on problems of immediate concern to today's teen-agers. "Growing Up Emotionally," "Exploring Your Personality," "Building Your Philosophy of Life," "What Is Honesty?," "Facts About Alcohol," "Facts About Narcotics" are some of the subjects discussed. Much of the material was excerpted from popular and useful booklets published separately by Science Research Associates, Inc.; and teen-agers will be glad to find it brought together in one volume.

—E. S.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

**VASCO DA GAMA.** *By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Morrow.* $2.75. This excellent biography of the famous Portuguese explorer who was the first European to reach India by sea reflects the colorful Arabian and Indian civilization of the fifteenth century. Though the text is brief, Gama's full character emerges, and one sees in panorama the development and decline of the Portuguese colonial empire in Africa and India. The dramatic text deserves much better illustrations. For fifth grade up.

—HELEN FULLER.

**THAT DUNBAR BOY: The Story of America's Famous Negro Poet.** *By Jean Gould. Illustrated by Charles Walker. Dodd,*

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*Mead.* $3. Paul Laurence Dunbar, born in 1872, spent a poor but happy childhood in Dayton, Ohio. When he was graduated from high school, the only Negro in his class, his fellow-students elected him to the presidency of the literary society, and he was chosen to write the class song for graduation exercises. In his thirty-four short years he became one of America's best-known dialect and lyric poets. His adult life was not always carefree but Miss Gould has caught Dunbar's indomitable courage as well as his ability to conquer problems and hardships.

This is a well-written biography by an author whose sympathetic interest has given her a keen insight into a sensitive man's soul.

—AUGUSTA BAKER.

**THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.** *By Virginia Chase. Illustrated by Howard Simon. Little, Brown.* $3.50. William Phips, a twenty-first son, was born in Maine in 1651. From the time he was old enough to watch the sea he knew that he wanted to sail a king's ship. Eventually he did, and he became known as the greatest treasure hunter of his time. He became the toast of London and was knighted, but he returned to America, where he had a stormy career both in war and peace and where he eventually became Governor of Massachusetts. The author has included, in an appendix, some documents of the period. The biography portrays New England during the seventeenth century and the era dominated by the Mathers, witchcraft trials, and political unrest, and it shows, as well, America's relationship to the rest of the world. Junior high school readers should enjoy this story about an exciting man. —A. B.

**NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM: Abraham Lincoln in the White House.** *By Virginia S. Eifert. Illustrated by Manning De V. Lee. Dodd, Mead.* $3. This fifth and final volume of an impressive chronicle of Lincoln and his forebears for young people covers his Presidential years and the tragic period of the Civil War. Commencing with a breath-taking account of the Sumter incident that is guaranteed to capture any reader's attention, the author demonstrates her skill in translating extensive research into a dramatic narrative. She portrays all the tender, patient, and far-seeking qualities of Lincoln in sharp contrast to the revolting cruelties of war. The many characters who enacted important roles become vividly real.

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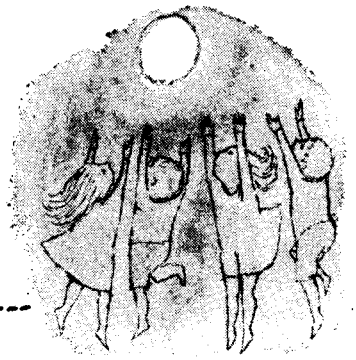

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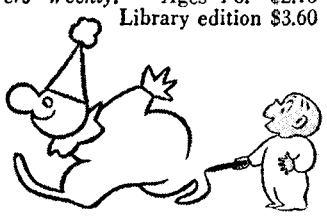

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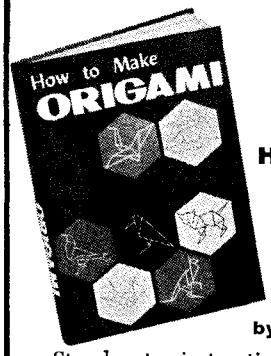


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R. L.

**JEREMY CRAVEN.** *By Joyce Collin-Smith. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.25. When his Uncle Titus takes Jeremy from an English orphanage, a whole new life opens up for him. He is introduced to a world of action and intrigue in the revolution in Mexico in the years 1911-1913. Jeremy is intelligent, observant, and independent. Through his friendship with the peón boy Julio, Father Gonzalez, and the rampaging life of his uncle, the complex pageant begins to unfold for him. He is caught up in the emotional, spiritual, and lustful aspects of these turbulent times and grows in understanding and self-reliance. This is a well-told story with

*—From "The Children of the Marshes."*

a keen feeling for the beauty of the locale and the human warmth of a sensitive and spiritual people. Jeremy becomes a lovable character whose experiences are important.
—Ruth Hamilton.

**THE CHILDREN OF THE MARSHES.** *By Michel-Aimé Baudouy. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Pantheon.* $2.95. "The weak, especially the weak, must learn to look out for themselves." This taunt from a ragged newsboy to Juan, the puny youngest son of a Spanish landowner, changes the boy's life. He learns to ride and spends his days in the open air. Juan's home is a great estate where bulls are raised for the arenas. His playmates are a peasant boy and the ragamuffins from Madrid who come to the country to steal matador practice with the young bulls of his father's herd. This is a perceptive story of life in present-day Spain. —A. O'B. M.

**PERILOUS PILGRIMAGE.** *By Henry Treece. Illustrations by Christine Price. Criterion.* $3.25. Geoffrey and Alys de Villacours, children of French nobility, join Stephen of Cloyes on his ill-

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fated crusade, as his band of children sweep across France on their way to the Mediterranean, where they confidently expect God will part the waters for their triumphant march to Jerusalem to recapture the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. Out of the stream of people and events, the characters and circumstances are surprisingly vivid as the two children, separated during the perilous sea voyage that ended in Saracen slavery, win their way back to their home and France. A glorious adventure that ended in hardship, privation, and disillusionment. —R. L.

**CAPTAIN GHOST.** *By Thelma Harrington Bell. Decorations by Corydon Bell. Viking.* $2.75. Excitement and suspense abound in this well-written mystery designed for the younger set. Anyone aged nine to twelve could step into the shoes of the main characters—Gary, Mike, or Ginger—and share their experiences in converting an old fallen tree into an imaginary vessel. This project carried on under directions of Captain Ghost, an old recluse seaman, is surrounded by mystery and probable dangers.

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**THE KIDNAPING OF KENSINGTON.** *By Bruce Carter. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Harper.* $2.75. Brighton, England, in 1940 is the setting for this engaging story of action and adventure involving two families of brothers and sisters. The three Hartfords and the eight Foulshams feud under normal conditions, but when the children get left behind as Brighton is evacuated in a threatened invasion their differences are forgotten. They are all involved in exciting and dangerous adventures as the invasion closes in. Here is a completely child-centered action story with all adults happily on the periphery. The action is original, immediate, and tense. The children are both believable and captivating. Good paper, design, and topography add to the appeal of this book. —R. H.

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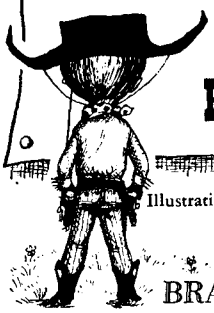

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**THE THING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED AND OTHER SCARY TALES.** *By Maria Leach. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. World.* $2.95. This attractive book includes ghost and witch stories, jokes, humorous tales, games, general ghost lore, as well as helpful hints for those who find themselves with ghosts. The material is slightly scary rather than shivery scary, and the stories lack the mounting suspense that is necessary in the telling of a ghost story. Some of them are related more dramatically in other collections but children will have fun with this book, and the information is worthy of inclusion in the storyteller's collection. The author, a well-known folklorist, has documented her work with full notes and bibliography. —A. B.

*—From "Japanese Tales and Legends."*

**THE LONG-NOSED PRINCESS.** *By Priscilla Hallowell. Illustrated by Rita Fava. Viking.* $2. This is a gay, modern fairy tale concerned with a likable and human princess who gets her way in the end by falling back on woman's old prerogative of changing her mind. The plot has some original twists and a touch of sophistication that could please older girls. The illustrations are deft and humorous. —R. H.

**THE BORROWERS AFLOAT.** *By Mary Norton. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. The charmed pen of Mary Norton has created further adventures of Pod, Homily, and Arrietty, that miniature family which "borrows" its livelihood from the world of humans. After their nerve-wracking experience with the gypsies, the trio resides temporarily with relatives. But when it becomes necessary for them to be on the move once again, Arrietty is very happy for she loves the freedom of the out-of-doors. The fresh and harrowing adventures which assail them as they travel down the river in a leaky tea-kettle in hopes of reaching Little Fordham will entrance all readers.

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## FOR YOUNG READERS

**THE FISHERMAN'S SON.** *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.50. Small Liang lives with his family on a river houseboat in China. Fishing is the most important activity in their lives. Only when Big Liang purchases a net does his son experience difficulty with his future vocation. This is the story of how he finally achieves success beyond his dreams. Many side issues—a fair, a kite, and the mysterious theft of their yellow singing bird—provide suspense, humor, and a warm picture of Chinese family life a generation ago.

The author has drawn on her childhood days in China to write many absorbing stories for very young readers; and this one should prove every bit as popular as its predecessors.

—A. B. McG.

**PABLO PAINTS A PICTURE.** *By Warren Miller. Illustrated by Edward Sorel. Little, Brown.* $2.75. It was Pablo who found the fence and started to paint his picture. One person—two—a crowd that stopped city traffic stood fascinated to watch. The device of increasingly exciting pictures as the crowd grows, and a text which adroitly combines the action in a running comment with a reasoning aside of the why and how, makes the child-observer turning the pages of this book a member of the crowd. The grave young men who made this book show a promise that will bear watching.

—R. L.

**THE ADVENTURES OF RINALDO.** *By Isabella Holt. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Little, Brown.* $3. Rinaldo, a knight in rusty armor, with plenty of ducats hidden in his boots, rode home astride his famous horse, Wingfoot.

Tired of warfare, Rinaldo wanted only a small castle, a pretty wife, and peace. The first two were comparatively easy to find, but no sooner had he started to repair his castle than he was called to rescue an old friend held captive by the bandit, Grumius. How Rinaldo and Wingfoot won a tournament under the most unlikely circumstances and overcame a garrison of soldiers left to guard the dungeon provides a satisfactory climax to a highly humorous tale.

Erik Blegvad's drawings, done with the most fascinating detail, add greatly to the fun.

—M. R. P.

**THE TENEMENT TREE.** *Written and illustrated by Kate Seredy. Viking.* $3. Tino, the middle child of a tenement family in New York City, was endowed with a vivid imagination that transformed a house into a head with a hat on it, Brooklyn Bridge into a giant wearing seven-league boots, and an old gnarled tree into a tenement house. Summer in the country with his Aunt Trina, an artist, and a closer look at nature, turned Tino's imaginative power into an asset that provides a happy ending for the story. This beautifully illustrated and carefully written story for very young readers falls in line beside Kate Seredy's other well-known books.

—L. W. R.

**PRAIRIE WINTER.** *By Elsie Kimmell Field. Illustrated by Bernard Case. Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd.* $3. Homesteading in South Dakota was an exciting experience for Elsie and John. Leaving Iowa, the family arrived in South Dakota in September with just enough time for building a home before the winter set in. Simple but detailed descriptions plus effective black-and-white drawings give an understanding of the home and the life of a homesteading family. For children nine to twelve years of age.

—N. J. D.

**JACKIE THE PIT PONY.** *By Hans Baumann. Illustrated by Ulrik Schramm. Watts.* $3.95. It was a great day for Jackie, a pony with the wild blood


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By M. Sasek. A lighthearted travel book in pictures in which a famous painter presents his impressions of Paris — its famous buildings, its beautiful gardens, the sidewalk cafés, the people who live there, and even the thousands of cats. The color, the spirit, the moods of this famous city are all here. First of a series of which *This Is London* will be next. $3.50

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**THE MYSTERY OF THE AZTEC IDOL**
By Harriett H. Carr. An American boy visiting in Mexico discovers a valuable relic eagerly sought by many people. His friendship with a Mexican boy creates a conflict of loyalties. Ages 10-14. $2.75

**MICHEL OF IRONWOOD**
By T. Morris Longstreth. A delightful and talented French exchange student becomes the football hero of Ironwood School. Napoleon's war tactics contribute ingenious football plays. Ages 10-14. $2.75

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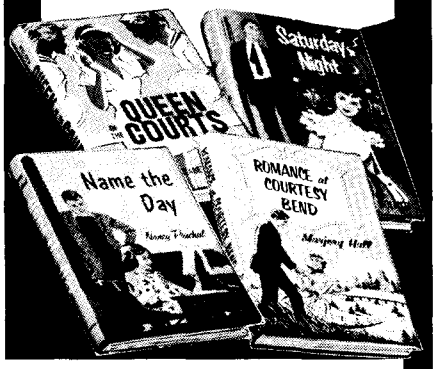
# Westminster

**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN, YOUTH AND YOUNG ADULTS**




**TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK**
By JAMES L. SUMMERS. Paul Ryan won't go to work, college or the Army, yet he wants to marry! An explosive novel dealing with the problem of discipline for today's youth. *Young Adults*

**QUEEN OF THE COURTS**
By AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN. Laughter, suspense and romance as a young girl is coached to become her high school's tennis champion by a mysterious senior. *Girls 12-15*

**TV BANDSTAND**
By FRANCES PRIDDY. Teaching one boy to dance and another to ride leads 15-year-old Susan into romantic complications, in this lively novel centering on a TV record hop. *Boys & Girls 12-15*

**NAME THE DAY**
By NANCY PASCHAL. A rich young playgirl is challenged into taking her first job, and discovers that work, and serious-minded, ambitious young men can BOTH be fun. *Girls 12-15*

**ROMANCE AT COURTESY BEND**
By MARJORY HALL. In her last summer before college, Quincy Bradford's fascinating job helps her to understand herself and her true feelings for Curt. *A Junior Literary Guild Selection.* *Girls 12-15*

**SATURDAY NIGHT**
By MARJORIE HOLMES. A gay, tender story of first love and heartbreak. *A Junior Literary Guild Selection.* *Girls 12-15*

**STAR—AN IRISH WOLFHOUND**
By JANET ROGERS HOWE. A thrilling yarn of a boy and his wonderful dog, that comes to a climax on the suspenseful day of the dog show. *Boys & Girls 9-12*

**RIVER BOY**
By OLIVE PRICE. The daring escapades of a stowaway on a Hudson River boat who foils a terrible enemy plot in the American Revolutionary War. *Boys & Girls 9-12*

**REDCLOUD & CO.**
By ELIZABETH P. FLEMING. How five young vacationers find adventure and mystery on an island in a Wisconsin lake with the help of Joe Redcloud, the descendant of an Indian chief. *Boys & Girls 8-11*

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**THE WESTMINSTER PRESS**
**Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.**


of the Steppes in his veins, when he met Mr. Anderson's little girl Monny for the first time. Although Jackie, who loved the sunshine, rebelled at working in the dark of the coal pit with Mr. Anderson, he finally learned that "you could depend on something else beside the sun." This is a satisfying book for third-grade readers and a good one to read aloud. The illustrations are gay and vital and "just right." —M. P. D.

**JANNOT: A French Rabbit.** *By Mireille Marokvia. Illustrated by Artur Marokvia. Lippincott.* $3. Peter Rabbit's brief sojourn in Mr. MacGregor's garden becomes a minor incident in comparison with the harrowing odyssey of Jannot. His little mistress takes very good care of her pet rabbit until one day he escapes to a summer of adventures in the bewildering world of the village and countryside. No one sees him, but the tinkling of a bell attached to his collar provides a mystery for the townspeople and merriment for young readers.

This new husband-and-wife team has achieved a promising success in their first children's book. Mireille's text is a sparkling blend of sophistication and naïveté, while Artur's illustrations have originality and charm. The range of expressions on the faces of the many characters will delight everyone. —A. B. McG.

## VERSE

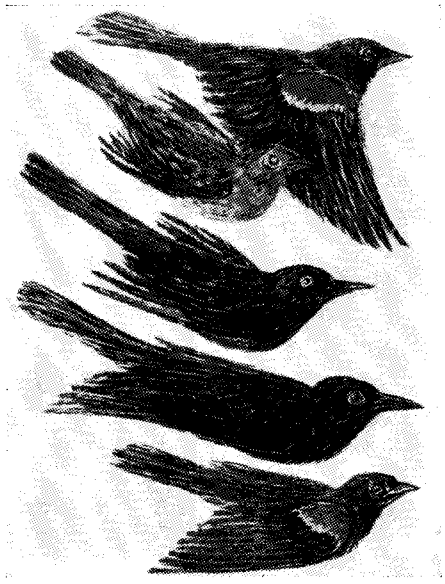
**A HANDFUL OF FLOWERS: Poems.** *By Mary Britton Miller. Illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson. Pantheon.* $3.50. While this slender volume of flower poems is probably only for larger collections, it has such grace of lines and such distinction in its art work that it should not be overlooked.

Miss Britton Miller, who is the novelist "Isabel Bolton," writes of forget-me-nots: "They are blue as the eyes/Of a blue-eyed child,/They are blue as the skies/When the skies are blue—/Whom shall I choose/To give them to?" Miss Vaughan-Jackson's lovely color drawings on every page match the verses in delicacy and detail. —M. P. D.

**I WOULD LIKE TO BE A PONY AND OTHER WISHES.** *By Dorothy W. Baruch. Pictures by Mary Chalmers. Harper.* $2. A child psychologist, who has written books for both adults and children, presents a collection of verse for children aged five to eight. Like the illustrations, they have lightness and gaiety.

They are concerned with a bee, a bug, a dog, a pony, and with "My Mother's Cross Afternoon." Many of the wishes of the poems, Miss Baruch says, are those expressed directly by children. —N. J. D.

**THE BLACKBIRD IN THE LILAC: Verses for Children.** *By James Reeves. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Dutton.* $2.50. This is the first of James Reeves's



*—From "Fly Redwing Fly."*

books of poetry for children to be published in this country. An earlier volume, "The Wandering Moon," is available from William Heinemann in London. The poems have a wide variety of rhythm and rhyme to suit many children, and an array of subjects close to their world. Edward Ardizzone's illustrations catch the specific mood of each poem. —F. L. S.

## NATURE

**FLY REDWING FLY.** *Written and illustrated by Lloyd Lózes Goff. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.75. Mr. Goff, who did the lovely "Run Sandpiper Run," maintains the quality of that book in this new one. It tells of the nesting and growth of a baby blackbird, the winter migration to the south and his return north to start the story all over with his own family. This can be used as a picture book as well as a nature story. —F. L. S.

**SEEDS AND MORE SEEDS.** *By Millicent E. Selsam. Pictures by Tomi Ungerer. Harper.* $2.50. This is a simple science book arranged to appeal to the beginning reader. Benny experiments with planting marbles, pebbles, and a variety of seeds. He opens seeds, watches growing things, examines flowers. Finally he plants beans and grows his own seeds.

Large print and widely spaced short sentences make this a practical beginning book. The illus-

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trations give sufficient accurate detail and in addition are clever and humorous. —R. H.

**THE INDEPENDENT BLUEBIRD.** *By Lucy Gallup. Illustrated by Louis Darling.* **PIGS, TAME AND WILD.** *Written and illustrated by Olive L. Earle.* **THE WEASEL FAMILY.** *Written and illustrated by Charles L. Ripper.* **WHOOPING CRANE.** *By Robert M. McClung. Illustrated by Lloyd Sandford. Morrow.* $2.50 *each.* Here are four more of the easy-to-read nature books that William Morrow has been publishing these last few years. Designed for the eight- to ten-year-olds, they describe the life cycle of the subject and give accurate information through both text and many black-and-white illustrations. Each book is attractive in format and inviting to the young nature lover. —F. L. S.

**PLANTS THAT HEAL.** *By Millicent E. Selsam. Illustrated by Kathleen Elgin. Morrow.* $2.50. This fascinating introduction to plants that heal is simply and attractively presented both as to text and illustrations. Those familiar with Miss Selsam's previous books, "The Plants We Eat," "Play with Vines," and others, will not be disappointed in her latest work. Legend, history, and the story of scientific research are brought together in this account of man's search for relief from sickness and pain. Among those which have meant much to man's happiness and wellbeing are quinine, cortisone, Rauwolfia (reserpine), and the chaulmoogra seed. Children aged eleven or older should find these accounts interesting. —N. J. D.

## PICTURE BOOKS

**THE PLANT SITTER.** *By Gene Zion. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. Harper.* $2.50. With the same humor that characterized "Harry, the Dirty Dog" and "No Roses for Harry!," this author-artist team has produced a delightful picture book of a little boy who kept his neighbors' plants while they were away during the summer. When the plants grew so that they threatened to take over the house, he went to the library for a book that helped him with his problem. Full-page pictures in blue, green, and yellow and a simple text develop this original story, which has a satisfactory ending for the plants—and the little boy. —F. L. S.

**ANIMAL BABIES.** *Photographs by Ylla. Text by Arthur Gregor. Designed by Luc Bouchage. Harper.* $2.75. Ylla's great skill as an artist with the camera is revealed superbly in this collection of pictures of baby animals. Included are both domestic and wild animals, some alone and others with their mothers, but all show the universal and endearing qualities of the young. A choice picture book for the very youngest, which older children will also enjoy. —F. L. S.

**LEOPARD ON A STRING.** *By Ann Kirn. Illustrated by the author. World.* $2.75. When the "fierce" leopard escaped from the zoo, way out west in Wyoming, policemen armed with billy sticks, deputies with pistols, and townspeople with shotguns went in pursuit. But one small boy armed only with a fishing pole met the leopard and saw that he was lost. "Come with me and I will take you home," he said. It was as easy as that!

Pre-schoolers will enjoy the simple animal tale with its large double-spread illustrations in bold colors. —M. R. P.

**THE POINTED BRUSH.** *By Patricia Miles Martin. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.75. This delightful, easy story book has charm on every page, both in the writing and in the illustrations. It is the story of little Sixth Son, who, by his skill in writing, found a way to save his uncle, falsely accused of stealing a


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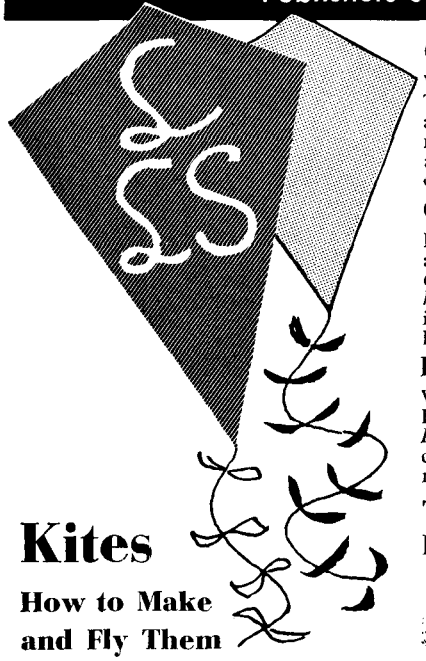

**Kites**

**How to Make and Fly Them**

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Illustrated with photographs; drawings in color by the author. Bow kites, flying wedges, and many others – here are clear diagrams and directions for making them all. All ages. $3.00

**Catrina and the Cats**

Written and illustrated by GEORGIA TUFTS. Fifteen cats lived with Catrina and they didn't like dogs. So it was a real CATastrophe when one morning an orphaned puppy was left in a basket on their doorstep. Ages 6-10. $2.75

**Clean Clarence**

By PRISCILLA and OTTO FRIEDRICH, authors of *The Easter Bunny That Overslept.* Illustrated by *Louis Slobodkin.* Clarence the Clean Pig changes into Clarence the *fairly* clean pig, and has a lot more fun. Ages 4-8. $2.95

**Fly Redwing Fly**

Written and illustrated by LLOYD LOZES GOFF, author of *Run Sandpiper Run.* From nestlings to courtship dance, this book tells the story of the red-winged blackbirds. Ages 7-11. $2.75

**Trudy's First Day at Camp**

By PAULA HENDRICH. Illustrated by *Adrienne Adams.* Sometimes a day can sum up a summer. And that was true for Trudy the first day she went to camp. Ages 5-9. $2.75

**The Pointed Brush**

By PATRICIA MILES MARTIN. Illustrated by *Roger Duvoisin* in full color and gold and black. Little Sixth Son writes a very polite letter with his pointed brush and proves to his father that learning is important. Ages 6-9. $2.75

**Hurrah for Maxie**

By PEGGY GULICK. Illustrated by *Elizabeth Dresser.* Poor Maxie couldn't do tricks. He was just a work elephant, and no one ever shouted "Hurrah for Maxie!" until one day—with the assistance of a little dog—he rose to fame. Ages 4-8. $2.50

**Grandfather and I**

By HELEN E. BUCKLEY. Illustrated by *Paul Galdone.* Everybody's in such a hurry these days. Only Grandfather has time to spend with a little boy—and what a happy time it is for them both! Ages 4-8. $2.75

**Jonathan D**

By CONSTANCE FRICK IRWIN. Illustrated by *Kurt Werth.* The rhythm of galloping hoofs and the fresh brilliant colors of the race track combine to make *Jonathan D* one of the gayest books of the season. Ages 6-10. $2.75

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### Endless Frontiers

**A BOOK OF SATELLITES FOR YOU.** By Franklin M. Branley. Illustrated by Leonard Kessler. 42 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.

*For Ages 4 to 7.*

EVEN first and second graders today have a knowledge of outer space and an eagerness to increase this knowledge that astounds most adults. Franklin Branley's "A Book of Satellites for You" is a lucid and accurate explanation of the subject for the very youngest reader. The author vividly reviews what science has accomplished and hopes to accomplish in the exploration of space, including, naturally, descriptions of rockets and satellites and how they work. Although he writes of thermistors, cosmic rays, meteors and magnetism, Mr. Branley has been careful not to overwhelm his audience. Particularly helpful are his comparisons of the unfamiliar sizes, shapes, weights and speeds of rockets and satellites with familiar objects.

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW
MARCH 29, 1959


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neighbor's ox, from the bamboo jail. One by one his stronger elder brothers had failed to free the revered uncle. When his father realizes the power of the written word, all six brothers are allowed "to sit at the feet of the teacher." —M. P. D.

**THE LITTLE DONKEY.** *By Oleg Zinger and Ilse Windmüller. Adapted by Frances Frost. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Available in German, it is good to have this story of Jo-Jo, the little donkey, now in English. Miss Frost has made a free translation and has retained the original drawings of Oleg Zinger. Jo-Jo was given to Trudi and Hans, but their father said he was too young to work and so they could not keep him longer than a week. He determined to prove that he could be useful. Instead, each day he caused much trouble as he bothered the cows, chased the chickens, was chased in turn by the old sow and her piglets. However, at the end of the week he found a small two-wheeled cart that he could pull around the farm and so was allowed to stay. A charming picture book. —F. L. S.

**ADELAIDE.** *By Tomi Ungerer. Harper.* $2.75. "Adelaide's parents were surprised when they saw that their daughter had wings." Because of this strange phenomenon, her life was vastly different from that of other kangaroos. She longed to travel, and one day she followed an airplane half around the world until she reached Paris, where she found friendship, adventure, the opportunity of enjoying sightseeing and fine restaurants, and finally the love of a good kangaroo. Adelaide is a noble creature, and this is an amusing, somewhat sophisticated, very Gallic picture book by the author-artist who made "Crictor" and the books about The Mellops. The story is deceptively simple and closely related to Mr. Ungerer's characteristic drawings. —A. O'B. M.

**JANE LIKES PICTURES.** *By Elisabeth MacIntyre. Scribners.* $2.75. This delightful picture book about making pictures will start some children drawing and will help those who are already familiar with crayons and pencils. In rhyming couplets it tells of Jane, who liked to paint, and how her friends learned to paint, too. Simple directions for easy-to-draw subjects will encourage children to try their hand and lead them on to further drawing. —F. L. S.

**A FISH IS NOT A PET.** *By May Natalie Tabak. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Sally, home from the hospital, had been prom-

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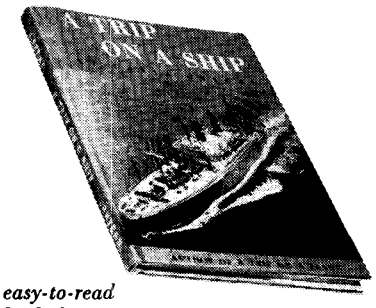

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ised whatever her heart desired. Rosario, her new uncle, had assured her of this, and Sally desired a pet. First Uncle Rosario brought her a guppy. "A guppy is not a pet," said Sally sadly. "A guppy is a fish and a fish is not a pet. A pet has legs." But neither was a parrakeet nor a turtle a pet. A pet has four legs, a tail, and a voice.

This is a story children will enjoy. Mr. Duvoisin's illustrations are outstanding: they have charm and gaiety, which will please and entertain.

—N. J. D.

**FUTILITY THE TAPIR.** *By Roberta Moynihan. Illustrated by the author. Viking.* $2. This amusing picture book in black-and-white about an indolent tapir shows much originality. The antics of the animal and its humorous facial expressions are skilfully conveyed with a great economy of line.

It is probable that adults will appreciate the characteristics of this tapir more than children. The book, however, is easy enough for a third-grader to read for himself. —H. F.

## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

**Augusta Baker,** storytelling specialist, The New York Public Library.

**Nancy Jane Day,** supervisor, School Library Service, South Carolina State Department of Education.

**Mary Peacock Douglas,** school library supervisor, Raleigh, N. C.

**Helen Fuller,** supervisor, Work with Boys and Girls, Long Beach, Calif., Public Library.

**Ruth Hewitt Hamilton,** The Library School, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**Rosemary Livsey,** director, Work with Children, Los Angeles, Calif., Public Library.

**Alice Brooks McGuire,** librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Tex.

**Aileen O'Brien Murphy,** children's literature specialist, The New York Public Library.

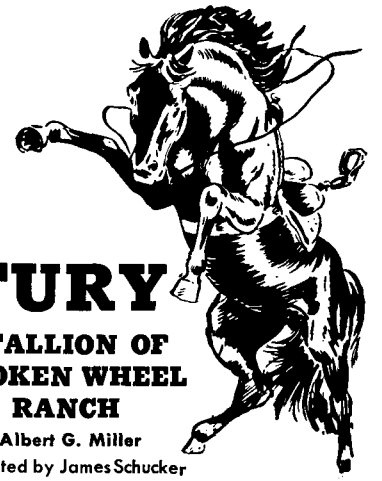
**Mildred R. Phipps,** supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, Calif., Public Library.

**Lucile W. Raley,** consultant, Library Services, Public Schools, Waco, Tex.

**Elaine Simpson,** secondary school specialist, The New York Public Library.

**Esther J. Walls,** Young Adult Services, The New York Public Library.

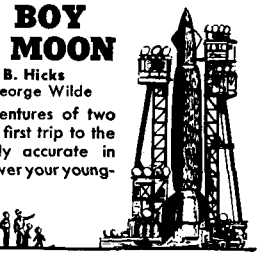
**Adventures in Reading for Young People**



**FURY**
**STALLION OF BROKEN WHEEL RANCH**
By Albert G. Miller
Illustrated by James Schucker
The breath-taking story of Fury, America's favorite television horse. How he roamed the valleys, and how he was finally captured and befriended by Joey, a 13-year-old ranch hand at Broken Wheel Ranch. Ages 12 and up. $2.95

**MAN IN THE UNIVERSE**
By Michael Stoiko and Donald Cox
Illustrated by N. Stanilla
A guide to all that is now known about space. Vivid full-color illustrations show every planet in our Solar System. Easy-to-understand text. A *must* for junior space fans. Ages 10 to 14. $2.95

**FIRST BOY ON THE MOON**
By Clifford B. Hicks
Illustrated by George Wilde
The hilarious adventures of two boys who take the first trip to the Moon. Scientifically accurate in detail, this will answer your youngsters' questions about space. Ages 8 to 12. $2.95



**WOLF DOG OF AMBUSH CANYON**
By Jo Sykes
Illustrated by Edward Shenton
A malemute is accused of stock killing and his young owner's attempts to clear him lead to unexpected trouble in the ranch country. Ages 12 to 16. $2.95

**SCHOOLROOM IN THE PARLOR**
By Rebecca Caudill
Illustrated by Decie Merwin
Another happy family story about the Fairchild children—and what happens when older sister starts a schoolroom at home. Ages 8 to 12. $2.95

**CONSTANCE THE HONEYBEE**
By Nan Hayden Agle
Illustrated by Richard Q. Yardley
Constance is a bee reporter—and what a scoop she gets: *The Pilgrims are going to America.* Like any good reporter, she follows her lead and goes with them! Ages 8 to 10. $2.50

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# Little Magazines

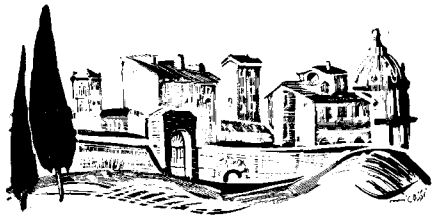
*Continued from page 12*

distributor to the bookseller; and any returns have to be mailed by the bookstore back to the distributor back to the publisher. Everyone wants a big discount; and as it costs about fifty cents in America to prepare each copy of a little magazine that will sell for a dollar, and as the distributor wants a 60 per cent discount (he has to give the bookstore 40 per cent; no bookseller would talk to him for less), you can see that the publisher loses money on each copy sold through a distributor. This is why little magazines aren't in more bookstores. It is often cheaper and more strategic to give copies away—to book publishers and literary critics and so forth.

This problem of distribution is in fact so central to the little magazines that magazines which in every other way would qualify for the dubious title of "little" are not so considered simply because they are able to use the comparatively massive distribution facilities of the paperback publishing companies which sponsor them. The best example of this sort of magazine, if it can be called that, is the twice-yearly collection of writing from all the world called *New World Writing*. New American Library, which issues some 150 titles per year under the Mentor and Signet labels, puts this out as well, for "prestige." *New World Writing* has a considerable portion of NAL's paperback distribution—to drugstores and cigar stores and candy stores and book stores all across the nation, some 20,000 or 25,000 outlets. It caters not at all to popular tastes (it's perfectly likely to present a large sampler of "Ten Contemporary Persian Poets"), but because of the distribution it is still able to achieve a circulation of some 75,000 copies per issue, which makes the much vaunted 10,000 circulation of a true little magazine like *The Paris Review* seem rather ridiculous. Vance Bourjaily edited *discovery* for Pocketbooks from 1953 to 1955 with similar circulation and distribution, until Pocketbooks finally packed it up because they could never estimate the printing order right on the button the way they can do with a detective story or a science fiction novel.

Another of these magazines sponsored and distributed by softback book publishers is *The Anchor Review*, which Jason Epstein convinced Doubleday to run along with the Anchor Books series of quality paperbacks, until he and Doubleday came to an entire parting of the ways. Another is *The Evergreen Review*, edited by Don Allen for Barney Rossett's Grove Press series, Evergreen Books, which swings back and forth between the new French literature (Beckett, Ionesco, Genêt, etc.) and the San Francisco Beat School (Kerouac, Ginsberg, Corso, etc.). Another is *Noonday*, a product of the Noonday Press, which scored a beat on everybody by coming out with a Pasternak novella just as the Nobel Prize story broke. These magazines all serve to keep the avant-garde book publishers' hands in with the new writers they're after—provide a place for them to publish shorter material. This was the technique James Laughlin's publishing company, New Directions, used with the yearly magazine-anthology *New Directions Annual*, which I suppose has been the prototype for this whole set of little magazines.

Therefore, because it is sponsored by some paperback publisher or foundation or university, the new institutionalized little magazine is in little danger of atrophying from poor circulation. Its editor isn't even dreaming of a large sale (the old-fashioned little magazine editor was capable of dreaming of anything). He knows his magazine has no business with circulations in the hundreds of thousands. There are perhaps 2,000 to 5,000 people who should see his book if it is to be a success, and chances are he can reach them. He has the membership lists of the organization which sponsors his little magazine; and this, combined with bookstore placements deBoer or Eastern News will make for him, will seem to him enough. Unlike the little magazines of the Twenties and the Thirties, he is not out to remake the world.



Still, it's the foolish and quixotic ones which made the history. "I want the files of this periodical to be prized and vendible in 1999. Quixotic of me! and very impractical?" wrote Ezra Pound, *Poetry*'s foreign editor, to the editor, Harriet Monroe, in 1913; and we used this as a motto for starting *Quixote*. The files of *Quixote* probably won't be vendible, but the files of *Poetry* certainly would be; and so would the files of *The Little Review*, a contemporary of *Poetry* edited doggedly by Margaret Anderson.

It's the crazy, single-minded, individualistic ones that die. But they're the ones that count. One of the most kindly remembered of all little magazines is Reed Whittemore's *Furioso*, which was born in 1939 and died in 1953. It suspended publication entirely from 1942 through 1946. They generally printed 1,400 or 1,500 copies. Whittemore doubts if they "ever sold more than 1,200 or 1,300 of any single issue; our subscription list ran only about 400." Finally, in 1953, he got married, discontinued the magazine (and sold his airplane), and nowadays people will forever cite what a great and valuable and lively little magazine *Furioso* was. Little magazines are especially and probably blessedly subject to the tendency of people to think well of a thing after it's gone; and perhaps five years after such commercial-seeming little magazines as *Contact* and *The Paris Review* have folded, people will say of them what they now say of *Furioso*. But it is difficult to imagine them ever saying it about *The Virginia Quarterly Review* or *The Yale Review*, which may very well become venerable institutions and go on forever anyway.

# Housewife

By Laurence Lieberman

MY PAUSE refreshes no one. Procrastination
Only leads to waste. I'd like a cake
To go right on baking itself when you turn off the oven
Too soon. But there are no cakes like that. There never

Have been. Nor are there any such children, though once
There were. When I was a girl, so small you could rest
Your palm on my head without even bending an elbow,
I scurried all day for every meal I ate.

Any time I got a bite for free (belt, brush,
Or buckle), the quicker my skin grew thick. I never
Seemed to mind. In those days, who even
Surmised whatever to be refreshed meant?

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1311

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

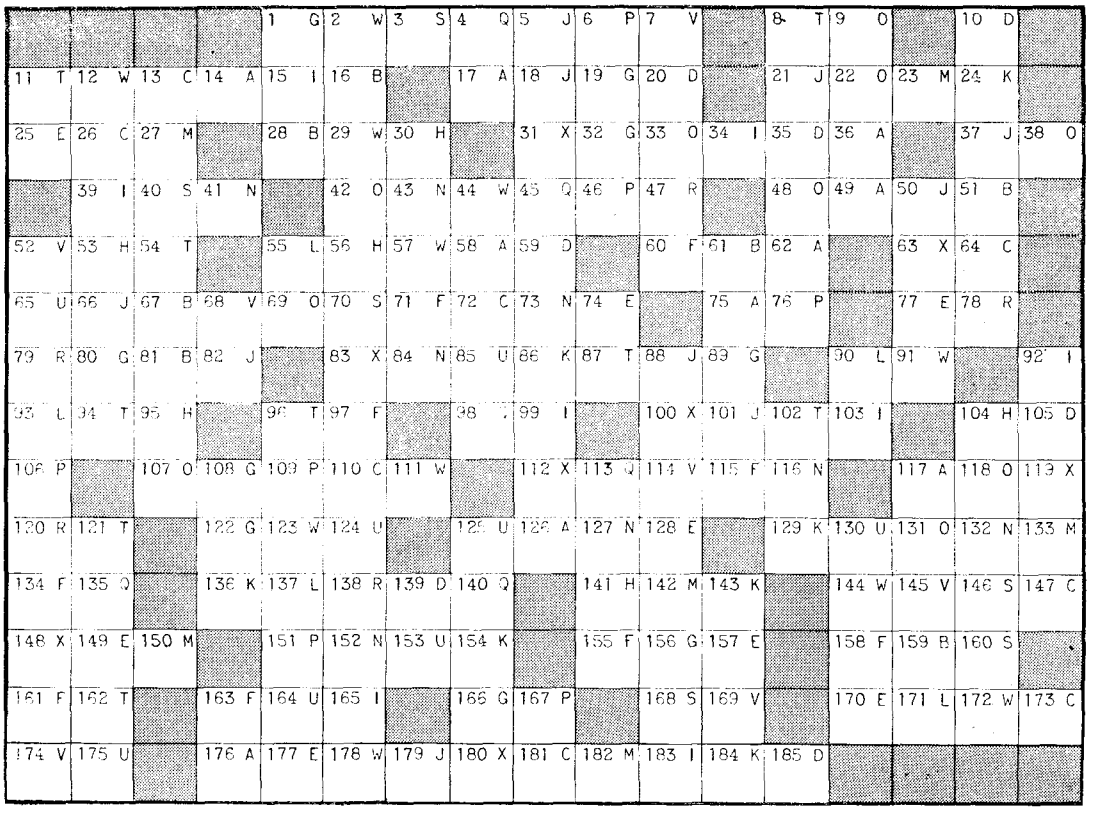
By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. What is known in England as an electric torch. | 176 17 117 75 49 58 126 36 14 62 |
| B. What an outrider did. | 28 159 51 16 61 81 67 |
| C. Serrations. | 147 173 181 110 72 64 13 26 |
| D. A Mozart librettist who later taught at Columbia Univ. (1749-1838). | 59 10 185 105 35 139 20 |
| E. Finally (3 wds.). | 170 149 25 77 177 74 157 128 |
| F. Mature woman advising and guiding a younger one. | 155 71 161 158 163 115 97 60 134 |
| G. The return march to the sea of the Greek auxiliaries, recorded by Xenophon. | 19 32 165 80 1 156 89 108 122 |
| H. Important bass singer currently at the Met. | 95 53 104 30 56 141 |
| I. Showing a loss (3 wds.; business term). | 34 103 39 183 15 92 99 165 |
| J. Refrain of the old college song which began "Come, fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast" (3 wds. Fr.). | 101 18 66 82 179 50 21 37 5 88 |
| K. Belonged to by nature. | 184 129 86 24 143 154 136 |
| L. La fille de ma tante à ma mère. | 171 90 93 55 137 |
| M. Land of plenty, or of light and immunity from evils. | 150 142 182 133 27 23 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. The dramatic trilogy of Aeschylus, "Agamemnon", "Choephoroi", "Eumenides". | 84 73 127 116 132 41 152 43 |
| O. On even terms with another (comp.). | 118 131 107 48 33 38 22 9 42 69 |
| P. Who from that family of seven, reported by Wordsworth, "in the churchyard lie" (3 wds.). | 151 106 167 76 109 46 6 |
| Q. Implement asso. with Harold Connolly, Stalin, the god Thor. | 140 4 45 98 113 135 |
| R. Dropsy. | 78 47 120 79 138 |
| S. Generous sample of cloth. | 146 70 168 160 3 40 |
| T. One who rectifies a text by removing errors, restoring lost passages, etc. | 102 11 87 162 54 94 96 8 121 |
| U. Mad. | 175 124 153 130 164 85 65 125 |
| V. Adjust, dispose, classify. | 114 174 68 145 169 52 7 |
| W. Thackeray as the satirist, a servant who reported on his employers. | 111 2 44 29 12 172 144 178 57 91 123 |
| X. One of two dissimilar organisms living together in close association. | 31 112 83 63 148 180 119 100 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue



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